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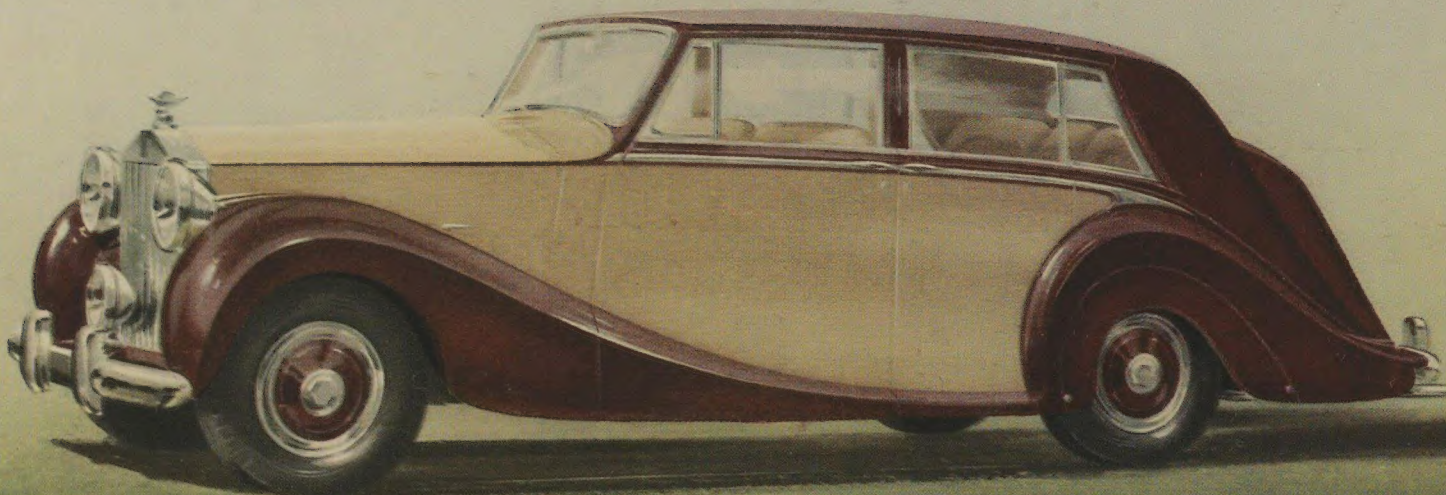
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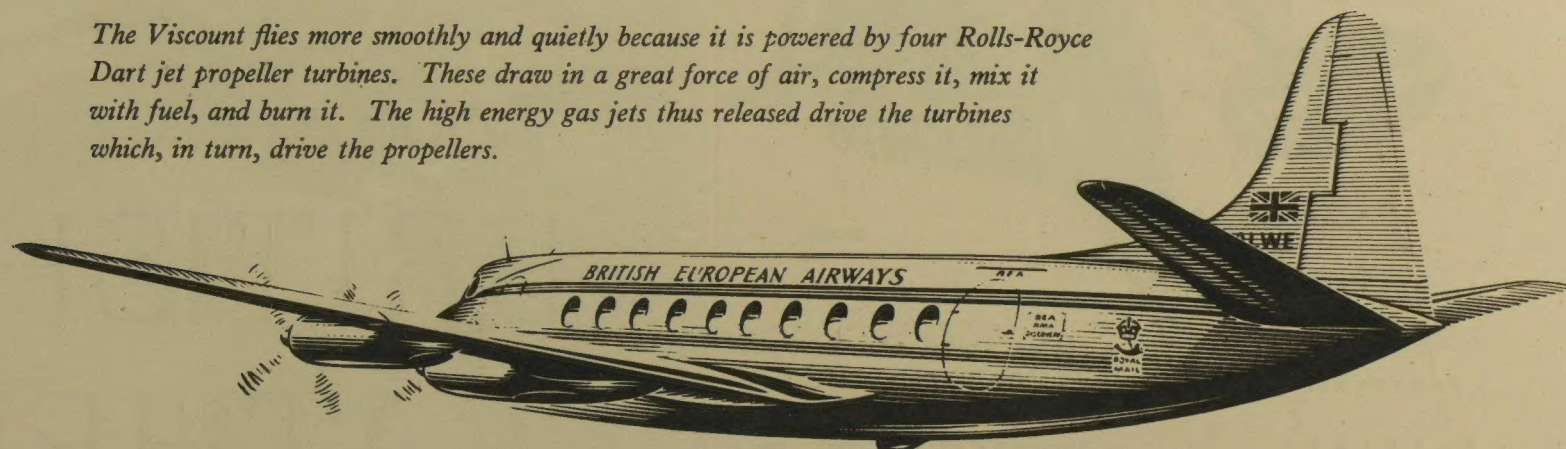


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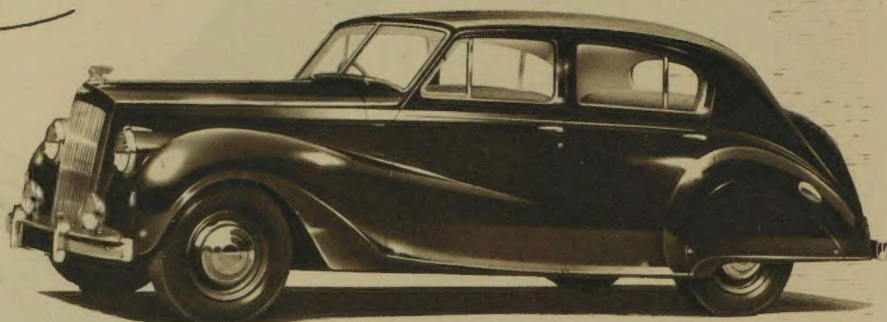
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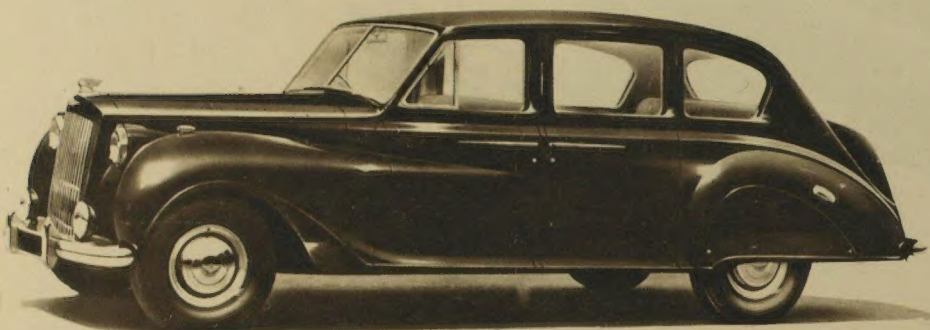
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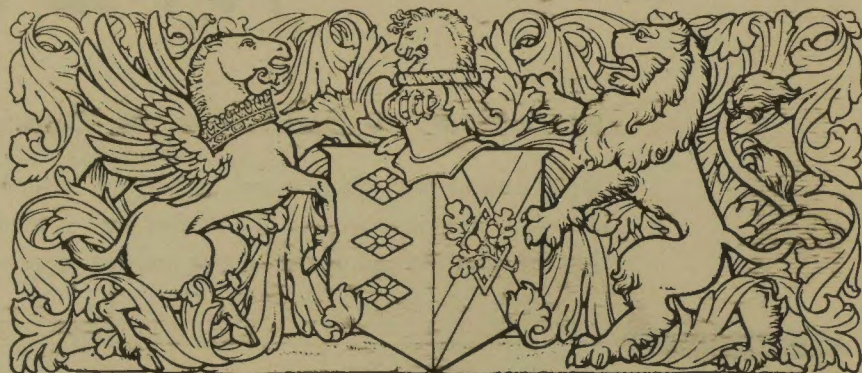
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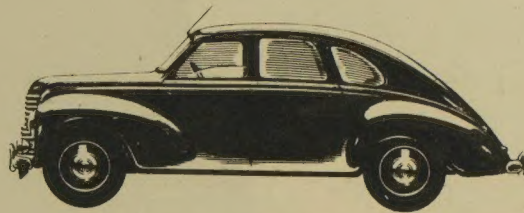
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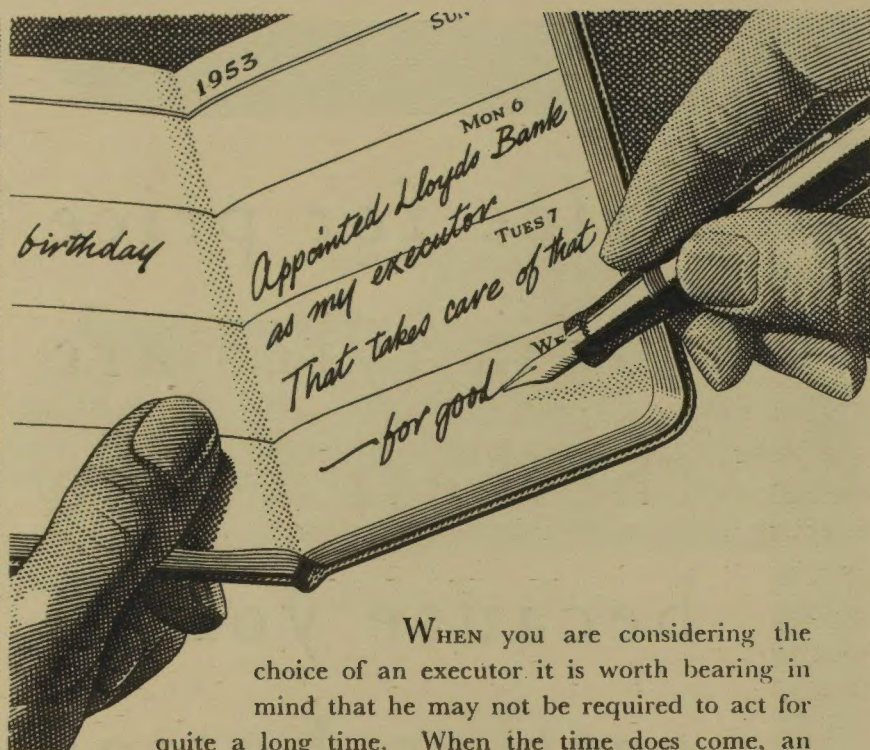


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AN AMERICAN STORY

ONCE UPON A TIME the great prairies of America gave pasture to the buffalo and sustained only the Redskin. Then came the pioneering white men thrusting south and west from the eastern sea-board, making roads, building townships, developing industries. The quiet plains were soon ringing with the clangour of a young, vigorous civilization and the buffalo gave ground to the Iron Horse.

But the days of the pioneer are not past.

Today a British organisation — The Bowater Paper Corporation—is building a \$55,000,000 plant right in the heart of America, in the southern state of Tennessee. These great pulp and paper mills will produce 130,000 tons of newsprint and 50,000 tons of sulphate pulp every year and this output for the next fifteen years has already been sold—for dollars.



Seven years of intensive technical investigation will have gone into this plant when it starts production next year. Its establishment is an achievement of the utmost importance and value—not only to Bowaters but to Great Britain.

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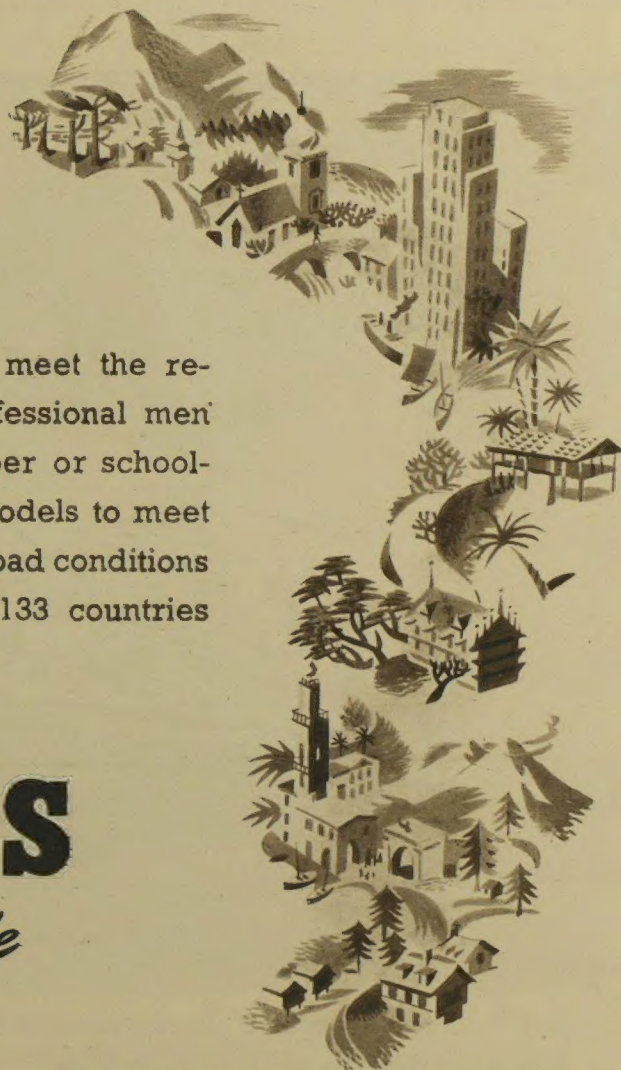


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8,000 gruelling miles in 11½ days

Austin A40 makes epic day-and-night dash

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 28th, after 11 days 10 hours, an Austin A40 completed the most arduous journey in motoring history. From the heat of the Equator to the cold of the Arctic, it had covered 8,000 miles across some of the worst country in the world—through torrid jungles, across pitiless deserts, over frozen wastes. A sensational drive. And a sensational car!

Why was the journey made?

The purpose of this journey was to find the answers to a number of scientific problems connected with developments in the suspension and cooling systems on future Austins.

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Austin leads the way. It was an Austin that went round the world in 21 days. It was an Austin that covered 10,000 miles in 10,000 minutes. Austins are constantly being put to the most gruelling tests—and coming through with flying colours.

The aim? To give Austins still finer performance; still greater stamina. To give motorists still better Austins.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1953.



"THE DUKE FLEW THE AIRCRAFT VERY WELL INDEED": H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE CONTROLS OF THE VICKERS VISCOUNT TURBOPROP AIRLINER WHICH HE PILOTED FOR 45 MINUTES.

On April 17 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, visited the South Marston Works, near Swindon, of Supermarine Vickers, having earlier flown from London Airport to the firm's works at Chilbolton, near Andover, Hants, in a Vickers *Viscount*, Britain's latest airliner, which was on the eve of its introduction into regular service by British European Airways. On the return flight from South Marston, Mr. Stuart Sloane, the Supermarine test pilot, took the aircraft up to its operational height of

20,000 ft., and then the Duke of Edinburgh, in the second pilot's seat, took over the controls and flew the aircraft to Exeter and then back to London Airport via Bournemouth. Mr. Sloane landed the *Viscount* and, after it had left the main runway, his Royal Highness taxied into the landing-point, where he was received by the airport commandant, Air Vice-Marshal Sir John D'Albiac. Afterwards Mr. Sloane said: "The Duke flew the aircraft very well indeed." His Royal Highness has been training as a pilot for six months.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LAST October a society was registered with headquarters at Palmerston House, 51, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2, under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh, called The *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society. Its object was to take over from that admirable institution, the Incorporated Thames Nautical Training College, the famous clipper *Cutty Sark*, whose condition as a result of blitz damage and wartime deterioration had rendered her unfit for training purposes and the cost of whose repair had become, therefore, beyond the means of the College. Instead, it is proposed—and a public appeal for this purpose is being launched this month—to repair, reconstruct, maintain and preserve her in perpetuity in a dry-dock to be made on London County Council property at Greenwich beside the Thames, adjoining Wren's Royal Naval College and the former Royal Hospital and Palace. Here she will form part of what has become a place of national memorial to Britain's sailors, ships and seafaring. And here, too, it is hoped she will be able to continue her work of training British youth to love and serve the sea.

Cutty Sark, it will be remembered, was the name of the smock—"o' Paisley harn"—worn by that vauntie witch, "ae winsome wench and walie," who led the carlins in pursuit of Tam O' Shanter on his grey mare in Burns's great poem. It was well given to this beautiful ship—one of the loveliest and most famous ever built. Almost the last of the great sailing-ships, she was made of the finest teak and elm, with iron framing, at Dumbarton in 1869—two years after the late Queen Mary's birth. Her owner was a Londoner, "White Hat" Willis, a contemporary and, no doubt, friend, of old Jolyon Forsyte. She began her life in Jolyon's business, the China tea trade, and was designed to win for her owner the mid-Victorian "blue riband" of the sea, the great annual ship race so wonderfully described in John Masefield's "Bird of Dawning." But though she was one of the fastest clippers ever built, capable of racing at 17 knots and even better, and sometimes making a day's run of more than 360 miles, she was driven from the China trade by the growing competition of steamships. Her greatest exploits, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, were in the Australian wool trade, where, under the celebrated Captain Richard Woodget, she repeatedly headed the wool fleet. Only 963 tons and 212 ft. in length, with a 36-ft. beam, and with a normal crew of eight able seamen and eight apprentices, this little sailing-ship on one occasion covered the 15,000 miles from Sydney to the Channel in sixty-seven days, crossing the Pacific and both Atlantics and negotiating the wild seas off Cape Horn at an average speed throughout the voyage of 9 knots.

With her mainmast from deck to truck 146 ft. high and with the greatest spread of sail of any clipper in the trade, the *Cutty Sark*, with her exquisite lines, must have been one of the loveliest ships ever seen on the high seas. She was the culminating triumph of a craft which had endured for a thousand years and in which the men of this country, and above all, of Thames and Clyde, excelled all others. The Poet Laureate, in one of the most splendid passages of English verse of our time, has written the epitaph of this great and now vanished art.

"They built great ships and sailed them" sounds most brave,
Whatever arts we have or fail to have;
I touch my country's mind, I come to grips
With half her purpose thinking of these ships.
That art untouched by softness, all that line
Drawn ringing hard to stand the test of brine;
That nobleness and grandeur, all that beauty
Born of a manly life and bitter duty;
That splendour of fine bows which yet could stand
The shock of rollers never checked by land.
That art of masts, sail-crowded, fit to break,
Yet stayed to strength, and back-stayed into rake;
The life demanded by that art, the keen
Eye-puckered, hard-case seamen, silent, lean;
They are grander things than all the art of towns,

Their tests are tempests and the sea that drowns.
They are my country's line, her great art done
By strong brains labouring on the thought unwon,
They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships as those agen.*

It is now proposed to preserve one of them for posterity. It is hoped that such a purpose of piety and love will commend itself to every lover of our sea tradition, and not only to individuals in this cruelly taxed age, but to firms and public authorities associated with the sea throughout the country.

For whatever serves to remind Britons of their dependence on the sea is worth a thousand schools and ten thousand teachers. The sea's relation to England is a kind of "Escape me never!" At various times in our history we have tried to ignore her, and never without disaster.

We must live by our own soil or by the sea—one or the other or both—and now that only a part of our population can be fed from our inadequate and ever-diminishing acres, the sea has become more vital to us than ever before. Yet never, I suspect, have fewer of our young men, in relation to the total size of our population, been trained for the life of the sea. We are gambling, most perilously as I see it, on our future. The most significant of all the significant facts that have come to light in the last few years is that the Russian Navy is larger than our own. It is not only a most significant fact; it is, in my humble opinion, a most shaming one. It constitutes a reflection on all who govern us and on all of us who vote them into power and pay them. Indeed, if my own vote could be the decisive one at the next election, no Member of Parliament would enjoy his salary or senior Civil Servant his pension until that alarming deficiency had been righted! A Navy for Russia is a luxury; an instrument only for potential aggression. For us it is our very lifeline and the sole insurance of our existence. What are we doing, one wonders, building lidos, equipped as though for millionaires, on the Serpentine, or putting up vast concrete palaces for bureaucrats and their files, when we are failing to build and maintain an adequate fleet and a protecting air force? It is hard for anyone who knows something of our history not to believe that we have gone temporarily mad in such a loss of our sense of proportion.

Yet it is so easy living inland and away from the sea to forget these elementary facts of our existence, just as it is easy for a townsman to forget the ceaseless, unremitting labour on the soil and the skill and care of the agriculturist that goes to provide him with his daily bread, his milk-bottle and his week's ration of meat and fats. Most of us live and work in

great cities out of sight of salt water and tilled soil and so fail to realise how precarious is the provision of the food that arrives so punctually day by day before our doors. And most of us, not being blessed or cursed by powerful imaginations, fail, too, to visualise what could so quickly happen if anything impeded its coming. We could do at a pinch without ninety-nine out of a hundred of the things with which our extravagant and eleemosynary governmental machinery supplies us at so lavish a cost. We could not do without food for forty-eight hours without our whole national life coming to a stop and disintegrating. If prayer can effect terrestrial events, a prayer that our rulers' eyes may be opened and their sense of responsibility quickened seems at the present moment the most urgent of all prayers.

It is because I see the *Cutty Sark*'s preservation as an incentive to such a prayer—a prayer not only of warning but of gratitude for all that has gone to make our country great—that I have written to-day of this appeal and of the Society sponsoring it. May this splendid ship, restored to her former glory, become part of the Londoner's permanent heritage and that of the men and women of our race whose habitation and livelihood throughout the globe were won by the service of such ships and the men who sailed them!



THE LAST OF THE CLIPPERS AND ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED SHIPS TO FLY THE RED ENSIGN: *CUTTY SARK*, AS SHE IS TO-DAY, AT AN ANCHORAGE IN THE THAMES, WITH MASTS AND BOWSPRIT CUT DOWN.



AS SHE WILL BE, IF THE APPEAL LAUNCHED ON APRIL 20 IS SUCCESSFUL: *CUTTY SARK*, RIGGED TO HER ORIGINAL TOWERING HEIGHT OF 146 FT. AND DRESSED OVERALL—MOUNTED IN A PERMANENT DRY-DOCK NEAR THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH. [FROM AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.]

The appeal of The *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society, of which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh is the Patron, was launched in London on April 20. The purpose of the appeal is "to take over the *Cutty Sark* from the Incorporated Thames Nautical Training College and to repair, reconstruct, maintain and preserve her for ever as a national monument and a record of the glorious days of sail in the Merchant Navy. . . . The ideal before the Society is to construct a permanent dry-dock—like that which cradles the *Victory*—near the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on one of the most famous reaches of London River." Subscriptions to this worthy appeal should be addressed to: The Hon. Treasurer, The *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society, 40, Westminster Palace Gardens, Artillery Row, Westminster, S.W.1 (from whom donation and deed of covenant forms may be obtained).

THE "KRONPRINS FREDERIK" DISASTER: A £1,500,000 SHIP FIRE IN HARWICH DOCKS.



THE END OF THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK FIRE: THE 3895-TON DANISH PASSENGER VESSEL LYING ON HER SIDE BESIDE PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH, AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT FIRE.



AS SHE WAS BEFORE THE DISASTER: THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK, WHEN SHE BROUGHT THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY TO LONDON FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MARRIAGE, IN 1947.

ON April 19, the 3895-ton modern Danish passenger steamer *Kronprins Frederik* docked at Harwich from Esbjerg. At 7 p.m. the same day, most of her crew were ashore and about a third of her cargo (mostly cheese and butter) had been discharged, when the second officer discovered an outbreak of fire in the first-class saloon. The alarm was raised and fifteen fire pumps, foam apparatus and about 150 firemen were engaged on an all-night battle against the flames. In the early hours of the morning, the ship had a 30-degree list, but the firemen reported the fire under control. At about 5 a.m., however, on April 20, she heeled over, away from the quay, burst the securing ropes and fell on to her side in the dock, while a great cloud of acrid steam, fumes and smoke engulfed the dock. The *Kronprins Frederik* was built in Denmark during the war, but her completion was concealed from the Germans and she was not launched until 1946. Her replacement value is estimated at £1,500,000. At the time of writing, sabotage was not suspected.



DURING THE FIGHT TO SAVE THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK: SOME OF THE 150 FIREMEN, SOME IN THE SHIP AND OTHERS TRAINING HOSES OVER THE BLAZING SUPERSTRUCTURE.

THE LARI MASSACRE TRIAL, AND ASPECTS OF MAU MAU TERRORISM.



INSPECTED BY SIR EVELYN BARING BEFORE DEPARTING ON OPERATIONS: A COMBAT FORCE OF KENYA REGIMENT MEN, AND NATIVE TRACKERS WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.



BURIED WITH MILITARY HONOURS IN NAIROBI: SERGEANT BALLION, ONE OF FOUR EUROPEAN SOLDIERS IN THE KENYA REGIMENT WHO WERE KILLED IN A TERRORIST AMBUSH.



THE OPENING OF THE LARI MASSACRE TRIAL: SOME OF THE TWENTY-SIX AFRICANS, THE FIRST GROUP TO FACE CHARGES OF TAKING PART IN THE MAU MAU MASSACRE OF LOYAL KIKUYU IN THE UPLANDS DISTRICT, OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE AT GITHUNGURI.



INSPECTING THE POLICE GUARDS AT THE COURT-HOUSE AT GITHUNGURI: MR. JUSTICE RUDD, OF THE KENYA SUPREME COURT, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE LARI MASSACRE TRIAL.



ARRESTED IN A DAWN RAID ON THE SQUATTER AREA OF KAROIBANGI, NEAR NAIROBI: MEN AND WOMEN SUSPECTS AWAITING SCREENING.



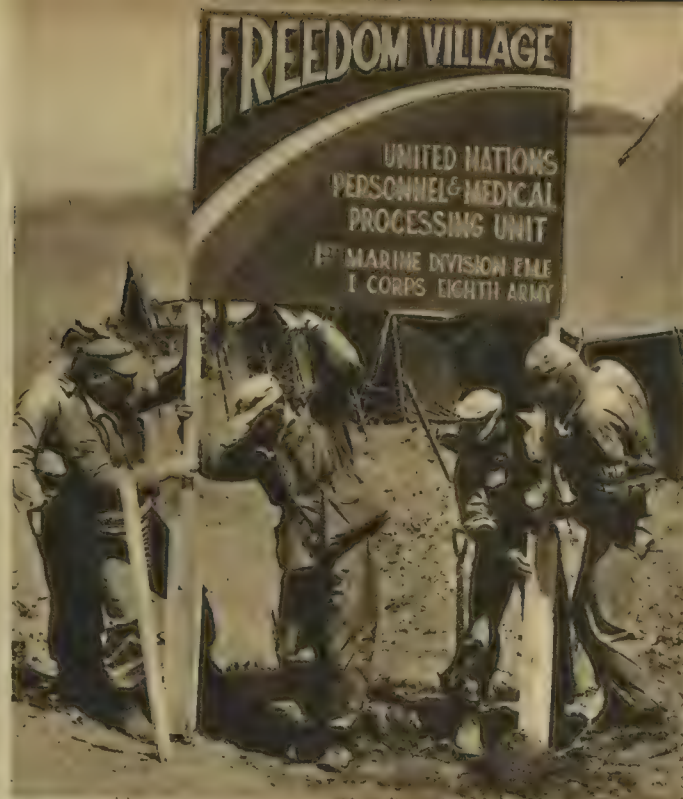
THE ROUND-UP OF MAU MAU TERRORISTS: A POLICE AND MILITARY PATROL SEEN DURING A CROSS-COUNTRY HUNT FOR SUSPECTS. SECURITY FORCES ARE NOW HAVING TO FACE A NEW ADVERSARY—RAIN, WHICH OBLITERATES THE TERRORISTS' TRACKS.

On April 13 the trial began at Githunguri, in the Kiambu Kikuyu reserve, about 25 miles north of Nairobi, of twenty-six Africans, the first group to face charges of taking part in the Mau Mau massacre of loyal Kikuyu in the Uplands district on March 26. The trial, which is being conducted by Mr. Justice Rudd, of the Kenya Supreme Court, may last some weeks. On the day the trial opened a sergeant and three privates of the Kenya Regiment, all Europeans, were killed in an ambush by terrorists in the Fort Hall district. These were

the first European military casualties of the Mau Mau campaign. Sergeant Joseph Ballion, one of the four men, died of wounds in hospital. The biggest round-up of Mau Mau terrorists yet achieved was made on April 17, when 1000 suspects were arrested only three miles from Nairobi, in the squatter area of Karoibangi. This shanty town had become one of the worst Mau Mau centres. The raid was carried out by police and troops of the 1st Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment, supported by armoured cars.



COMMUNIST PRISONERS OF WAR ON THEIR WAY TO PANMUNJOM: THE DISABLED MEN BEING CARRIED ASHORE FROM AN L.S.T. AT PUSAN BY U.S. MEDICAL ORDERLIES ON ARRIVAL FROM CHEJUDO.



PREPARING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF DISABLED U.N. PRISONERS OF WAR. U.S. TROOPS AT MUNSAN, SIX MILES SOUTH OF PANMUNJOM, SIGNPOSTING "FREEDOM VILLAGE."

IN accordance with the agreement signed at Panmunjom on April 11 by Rear-Admiral J. Daniel, Senior Allied liaison officer, and Major-General Lee Sang Cho, senior Communist liaison officer, whereby a total of 605 sick or wounded U.N. prisoners of war were to be exchanged for 5800 disabled Communist prisoners, the first prisoners to be repatriated arrived at Panmunjom on April 20. Among the first 100 U.N. prisoners to be released were twelve British, fourteen Americans, two Turks, a Canadian and a Greek. The released prisoners were taken to "Freedom Village" at Munsan for initial medical treatment, either by ambulance or in helicopters, and were then moved on by helicopter and train to Seoul for evacuation to Japan by air. The prisoners were reported to be in good spirits, and among the first five only one was too ill to be interviewed, and four of them were men of the Gloucesters captured on the Imjin River.



WHERE THE EXCHANGE OF DISABLED PRISONERS OF WAR BEGAN ON APRIL 20: THE PANMUNJOM AREA; SHOWING THE TENTS WHERE THE PRISONERS WERE HANDED OVER (LEFT; CENTRE) AND, IN BACKGROUND, THE CONFERENCE HUT AND TENTS USED BY THE NEGOTIATORS.



SERVING AS AN AIR-MARKER TO KEEP COMBAT AIRCRAFT AWAY FROM THE TRUCE SITE: A STRIPED BALLOON BEING PREPARED BY A TEAM OF U.S. SOLDIERS AT PANMUNJOM, WHERE THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS TOOK PLACE.



DECIDING ON THE SITE FOR PRISONER-OF-WAR EXCHANGES IN THE PANMUNJOM NEUTRAL AREA: COLONEL CLYDE G. YOUNG (LEFT), ACTING FOR REAR-ADMIRAL J. DANIEL, AND (RIGHT) COLONEL O HUNG SAN, ACTING FOR GENERAL LEE SANG CHO.

THE REPATRIATION OF DISABLED PRISONERS OF WAR IN KOREA: PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXCHANGE ON APRIL 20.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**SIR HARRY PILKINGTON.**

Elected President of the Federation of British Industries in succession to Sir Archibald Forbes. Sir Harry Pilkington, of Windle Hall, St. Helens, Lancs, who has now taken office, is chairman of Pilkington Bros., the St. Helens (Lancs) glass firm. He was born in 1905, and educated at Rugby and Magdalene College, Cambridge.

**MR. PAUL CHRISTOPHER DAVIE.**

Elected by the Court of Common Council on April 16 to be City Remembrancer in succession to Sir Leslie Bowker, who retires after the Coronation. Mr. Davie, who is fifty-one, is a barrister and senior assistant legal adviser to the Home Office. The City Remembrancer watches all measures of interest to the City in the House of Commons, where he has a seat.

**MR. ALGERNON CECIL.**

Died on April 13, aged seventy-four. An historian, biographer and essayist, he was the son of Lord Eustace Cecil and grandson of the second Marquess of Salisbury. Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, he was president of the Oxford Union in 1901. His books include "A House in Bryanston Square" and "Queen Victoria and Her Prime Ministers."

**MR. HAROLD SIMCOX KENT.**

Appointed to succeed Sir Thomas Barnes, who is retiring on April 25, as her Majesty's Procurator-General. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury propose to appoint Mr. Kent to be Treasury Solicitor. The salary for the posts is £4500 a year. Mr. Kent, who is forty-nine, was educated at Rugby and Merton College, Oxford.

**MR. D. D. LINDSAY.**

To take up his appointment as headmaster of Malvern College in September. Educated at Clifton College, Bristol, and Trinity College, Oxford, he was a history master at Repton for eight years before taking up his present post as headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar School in 1942. He is the author of "Britain Between the Two Exhibitions."

**MR. RICHARD EURICH.**

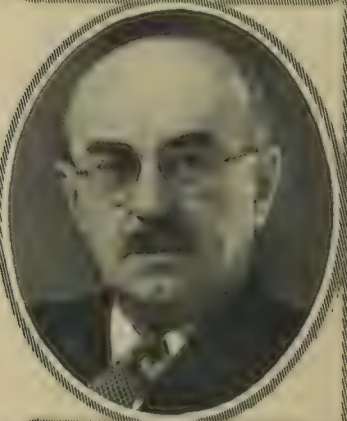
Elected a Royal Academician. Mr. Richard Eurich, b. 1903, an A.R.A. since 1942, exhibits regularly at the R.A., the New English Art Club and the London Group, and is represented in numerous public galleries. An official war artist, 1941-45, his painting of Dunkirk Beach, 1940, was purchased for the Canadian Government.

**A GROUP OF THE NEW QUEEN'S COUNSEL.**

On April 2 the names of those whom the Queen, on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, had approved for appointment to the rank of Queen's Counsel were announced. Our group shows, in front, from l. to r., Mr. John Frederick Drabble; Mr. Elliot Marcet Corst; Mr. Bruce Edgar Dutton Briant; Mr. Reginald William Goff and Mr. Eustace Wentworth Roskill; behind them are Lord Hailsham, Mr. Claude Henry Duveen, Mr. Rudolph Lyons, Mr. Frederick Elwyn Jones and Mr. Fenton Atkinson; while the group also includes (partly hidden) Mr. John Watt Senter, Mr. Jack Messoud, Eric Di Victor Nahum, Mr. John Patrick Graham, Mr. Richard Haddow Forrest, Mr. Kenneth Robert Hope Johnston, Mr. John Megaw and Mr. Ingram Joseph Lindner. The photograph was taken outside the House of Lords after the swearing-in by the Lord Chancellor.

**MR. VIVIAN PITCHFORTH.**

Elected a Royal Academician. Mr. Vivian Pitchforth, b. 1895, an A.R.A. since 1942, is Painter and Visiting Instructor to the Royal College of Art and the St. Martin's, Camberwell, and Clapham Schools of Art. He is represented in many public galleries at home and abroad, and was an official war artist in World War II.

**MR. LOUIS DE SOISSONS.**

Elected a Royal Academician. Mr. de Soissons, b. 1890, an A.R.A. since 1942, is the Architectural Town Planner, Welwyn Garden City Development Corporation. Titze Prizeman in 1912, Jarvis Rome Scholar in 1913, he won the R.I.B.A. Distinction in Town Planning in 1945. In 1949 he became a member of the Royal Fine Arts Commission.

**MR. FRANK DOBSON.**

Elected a Royal Academician. Mr. Frank Dobson, b. 1888, an A.R.A. since 1942, is a sculptor of international fame, and Professor of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art. He was President of the London Group for four years, and is represented in the Tate Gallery and in leading provincial galleries. He held his first one-man show (drawings) in 1914.

**MR. ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE.**

Died on April 13, aged eighty-nine. He was Editor of "Debut" for forty-eight years from 1887 to 1935, when he retired to the less onerous position of Consulting Editor. He helped to produce the book throughout the war, being determined that nothing should stop the annual appearance of the work to which he devoted his life.

**MR. A. J. GARDENER.**

To be Ambassador to Syria in succession to Mr. W. H. Montagu-Pollock. Mr. Gardener, who was Ambassador in Kabul from June 1949 until the end of 1951, has been employed on duties within the Foreign Office since his return from Afghanistan. He has held consular appointments in the Middle East, Tangier, and New York.

**MR. MALIK.**

To succeed Mr. Gromyko as Russian Ambassador in London. Mr. Malik, who was born in 1906 in the Ukraine, entered the Soviet Foreign Service in 1937. He was appointed Deputy Foreign Minister in 1946, and soon afterwards became for four years permanent Soviet representative at the United Nations. Since then he has been at the Foreign Ministry.

**MR. FRANK REYNOLDS.**

Died on April 18, aged seventy-seven. A humorous artist and illustrator, his most characteristic drawings appeared in "Punch", to which he was a contributor for over forty years and of which he was art editor from 1921 to 1932. Mr. Reynolds was also a frequent contributor to "The Sketch" and "The Bystander". He was elected a member of the Royal Institute in 1903.

**AIRMAN REIS LEMING, U.S.A.F.**

The George Medal awarded by the Queen to Airmen Reis Leming, of the U.S. Air Force, for rescuing twenty-seven people in the floods in the Hunstanton area in January, was presented to him by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, on April 15. Airmen Leming, who cannot swim, was in the water for four hours.

AWARDS AND CHAMPIONSHIPS: ACTIVITIES SPORTING, AERIAL, NAVAL, ARTISTIC.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER MEETING THE ENGLISH TEAM BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE ENGLAND-SCOTLAND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH AT WEMBLEY.



THE SCOTTISH TEAM, WHO FORCED A LAST-MINUTE DRAW AT WEMBLEY, BEING PRESENTED TO LORD ALEXANDER BY THEIR CAPTAIN, YOUNG, OF RANGERS.

Before a crowd of 100,000, the Scottish Association Football XI. forced a last-minute draw with England in a dramatic match at Wembley Stadium on April 18. In the closing minutes England were leading 2-1, with one of Scotland's backs out of the game, when after a fierce attack, the Scottish centre-forward, Reilly, scored an equalising goal.



THE BRITISH BOYS' CHESS CHAMPION, K. F. H. INWOOD, OF LONDON, WITH THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

In the last round of the British Boys' Chess Championship at Hastings on April 17, K. F. H. Inwood defeated T. A. Landry after twenty-six moves and so became this year's champion, with a lead of 7½ to Landry's 6½. Inwood, until recently a pupil of Tiffin's School, will next year be too old for the Boys' Championship.



D. A. G. PIRIE (LEFT) LAPPING TWO OTHER RUNNERS TO SET UP NEW EMPIRE, BRITISH AND ENGLISH RECORDS FOR THE SIX MILES AT WHITE CITY ON APRIL 18.

Pirie's record, which was made in the Southern Counties Championship, was set up during a meeting which included the finals of the Schools Challenge Cup tournament; and eight boys' records were set up on the same day. These were: the mile (R. Dunkley, William Ellis School), the half (M. Martin, Mt. St. Mary's), the quarter (M. K. V. Wheeler, Taunton), the steeplechase (P. A. Field, Cheltenham), the mile walk (K. W. Barber, Latymer Upper), the hammer (I. S. Bain, Fettes), the pole vault (G. M. Schmidt, John Fisher School). The Schools Trophy was won by the John Fisher School, Purley.



THE WINNING PICTURE OF A PORTRAIT COMPETITION FOR YOUNG ARTISTS: "MICHAEL BASFORD"; BY ROGER COLEMAN. The first prize of £350 in a portrait competition for English art students and young artists under thirty, organised by the Marlborough Gallery, has been won by Lance-Bombardier Roger Coleman, of Blaby, Leics, now on National Service with the R.A. The portrait, with three runners-up, has been exhibited at the Marlborough Gallery from April 16.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DESCENDING FROM THE VISCOUNT, WHICH HE LATER PILOTTED. ABOVE, THE DUKE OF KENT.

On April 17 the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, flew in the Vickers Viscount turboprop airliner to Chilbolton to inspect the Supermarine Swift and, as reported elsewhere, later piloted the Viscount himself. On April 20 it was announced that the Duke of Edinburgh had invited



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S SWORD TO THE BEST ALL-ROUND CADET, N. G. REES, IN H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE. HE LATER INVITED THE CADET TO BE HIS PAGE AT THE CORONATION.

Cadet N. Rees, of H.M.S. Devonshire, to whom, in the previous week, he had presented the Queen's Sword as the best cadet at the passing-out, to be his page at the Coronation. Cadet Rees, who comes from Ferryside, Carmarthen, was an Open Scholar at Dartmouth, and was head cadet there.

THE JOURNEYS OF COLONEL FAWCETT.

"EXPLORATION FAWCETT"; By LIEUT.-COLONEL P. H. FAWCETT, D.S.O., F.R.G.S. EDITED By BRIAN FAWCETT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT is twenty-eight years since Colonel Fawcett, his son Jack, and another young man disappeared in the Matto Grosso, in the hinterland of Brazil. The expedition—the last of eight, made since 1906, when Fawcett, as a Gunner Major, was seconded to delimit the frontier between Bolivia and Brazil—aroused general interest from the beginning. It was not merely that he proposed to penetrate unknown territory (of which there is still plenty in South America, away from the main river systems), but that it was known that he was, in a sense, after "Buried Treasure": mention of which always arouses the romantic who waits under almost every Englishman's skin. His "Buried Treasure" did not consist of gold, silver and jewels; these were involved to a fabulous extent, but in them this tall, lean, indomitable man was no more interested than he was in material wealth of any kind. He had known, in Peru, titanic ruins which were supposed to have astonished the Incas when they arrived there. He had seen small pieces of statuary with hieroglyphics which seemed to attest a high civilisation, long ago, with affiliations (possibly through the lost Atlantis) with the "Old World." And he had read a manuscript written by a Portuguese in the eighteenth century describing how he and his party, in wooded and mountainous country, had come across a great uninhabited city, with streets of two-storied houses built of "great blocks of masonry rank with the parasitic vegetation of the tropics," and a vast square, of which Fawcett says: "Here in the centre was a huge column of black stone, and upon it the effigy, in perfect preservation, of a man with one hand on his hip and the other pointing towards the north. The majesty of this statue struck deep into the hearts of the Portuguese, and they crossed themselves reverently. Carved obelisks of the same black stone, partially ruined, stood at each corner of the square, while running the length of one side was a building so magnificent in design and decoration that it must have been a palace. The walls and roof had collapsed in many places, but its great square columns were still intact. A broad flight of ruined stone steps led up and into a wide hall, where traces of colour still clung to the frescoes and carvings. . . . The figure of a youth was carved over what seemed to be the principal doorway. It portrayed a beardless figure, naked from the waist up, with shield in hand and a band across one shoulder. The head was crowned with what looked to them like a wreath of laurel, judging by Grecian statuary they had seen in Portugal. Below were inscribed characters remarkably like those of ancient Greece."



"STARVATION PARTY" AT THE SOURCE OF THE VERDE: A 1908 PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN THE MYSTERIOUS RICARDO FRANCO HILLS (ON WHICH CONAN DOYLE'S "LOST WORLD" WAS BASED), WITH COLONEL FAWCETT AS THE TALLEST CENTRAL BEARDED FIGURE.

When to all this is added the fact that there were persistent rumours amongst the wild Indians of a remote city of people with white skins, red hair and blue eyes, the urge behind Fawcett's last journey can be understood, as also the fascination it has long exercised over other people. There was something strongly reminiscent of Walter Raleigh and Eldorado about it; much also, what with the documents, the legends, the psychometric revelations and the theories

about Atlantis, of Rider Haggard, who seems to have been a friend of his. He knew the power of the lure; and when, before he left home for the last journey, he charged his family with the care of his book about his former travels, and his log-books, he urged them, should he vanish, "to do everything possible to



COLONEL PERCY HARRISON FAWCETT, THE EXPLORER, WHO DISAPPEARED IN THE MATTO GROSSO SOME TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO, AND FROM WHOSE NOTES, LETTERS AND LOG-BOOKS HIS SON, MR. BRIAN FAWCETT, HAS COMPILED THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

This photograph of Colonel Fawcett was taken in 1911, when he was forty-four and engaged on an expedition to delimit the frontiers of Peru and Bolivia. He was born at Torquay in 1867, and was educated at Newton College, South Devon, Westminster, and the R.M.A., Woolwich. He was commissioned in the Royal Artillery in 1886.

discourage rescue expeditions." That is the main reason why publication has been withheld for so long. But the delay hasn't prevented the rescue expeditions. The spell of the lost Fawcett has been as strong over other adventurers as the spell of the Lost City was over him. The book is now published under the care of his son Brian, who supplements Fawcett's photographs and drawings with photographs and dashing decorations of his own. Fawcett, he says, wrote letters to his wife from remote places. "I have," he adds, "salted the text with quotations culled from these letters; and also from the log-books which cover every expedition up to his last one." It is a pity that he does not indicate where the "salting" occurs: there is a difference between a man's notes on the spot and his later recollections. It is also a pity that some straightforward maps were not introduced instead of the fancy pictures in which indications of lines of latitude and longitude are inadequately replaced by whimsical little drawings of

llamas, charging bulls, arrow-shooting Indians, monkeys, gold-diggers, and so on. These are small blemishes on a really delightful book.

Fawcett was—it would seem unduly optimistic at this stage to say "is"—an extraordinary and a versatile man. He excelled, says his son, in soldiering, in engineering and in sport. Drawings by him were accepted by the Royal Academy; he played cricket for his county; he successfully designed yachts. But he was a born wanderer, and a born leader of small parties. He detested life in the Army (though he temporarily returned to it during the 1914 war), hated conventional clothing, and enjoyed the contemplation

of all sorts and conditions of men and places. There is no doubt at all about his scientific enthusiasm: he really did desire to extend geographical, ethnological and archaeological knowledge. He drew a practical man's satisfaction from the successful fixing of frontiers between countries delirious during the Rubber Boom. But had he never been asked to do an official job and been financially independent, he must surely, from time to time, have disappeared from Devon and his family in search of the unknown. It couldn't be the Bamangwato Country and "Sheba's Paps," and there are probably no more Zimbabwe in Africa. So it had to be America.

Each of his journeys, most of them slenderly financed, is separately described; and he was much too eager and curious a man to confine himself to a bare record of scientific observations. The real humans interest him just as much as the hypothetical men and cities of his quest; and his style is so vivid that one sees through his eyes and (not always agreeably) smells through his nose. He was not completely averse to civilised life; in fact, he thought that Rio de Janeiro might be a good place to which to retire. But he would have had to feel his energies waning before he could have forced himself into retirement, there or anywhere else. For him the jungle and the high, untrodden hills; the secluded tribes, cannibal and fierce, or gentle and unspoiled; the strange spectacles at the white man's outposts. He gives a very clear impression of the peoples of the various States. He met much kindness and he encountered much cruelty: the excitable Sir Roger Casement himself had no viler stories of slavery, torture and butchery to tell, about the rubber companies in the Putumayo and elsewhere than this frank and cool British Colonel. And it is a proof of the interest he aroused that the reader constantly finds himself wanting to ask for further information about some point or other.

Strange tales, strange savages, insects altogether too unusual: triumphs, disasters, dangers, hardships, escapes and dreams; they are all here in profusion. For myself, oddly, reflecting on the book after two readings (which will not be the last), I find myself thinking most, not about buried cities which may or may not exist, but buried people. Wherever he went where there was human settlement, he found the stray whites and, above all, the "legion of the lost": English remittance men and beachcombers, mostly with educated backgrounds, and mostly hopeless drunkards. What stories he might have got out of them had he been that way fascinated! One in particular lingers in the memory, one who might have been encountered or invented by Kipling. He was



"THE GRAVE BESIDE THE LAGOON. THE SUPPOSED REMAINS OF COLONEL FAWCETT WERE FOUND IN THIS SHALLOW DEPRESSION BY ORLANDO VILLAS BOAS IN 1951. INVESTIGATIONS CARRIED OUT IN JANUARY 1952 PROVED THAT THE BONES BELONGED TO NO MEMBER OF THE FAWCETT PARTY. THE XINGU INDIANS NEVER BURY THEIR VICTIMS."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Exploration Fawcett"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hutchinson and Co., Ltd.

a drink-sodden beachcomber at Cuyaba "who on seeing me cross the plaza one day, heaved himself up from his bench and came staggering over to cadge. This human derelict's vision focused on my riding-breeches; he reached out to feel the material, and then burst into tears.

"Boxcloth, by God, Sir!" he muttered. "I ought to know it. I was once a cavalry major in India."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 674 of this issue.

* "Exploration Fawcett." By Lieut.-Colonel P. H. Fawcett, D.S.O., F.R.G.S. Arranged from his manuscripts, letters, log-books and records by Brian Fawcett. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 15s.)

ST. ANDREWS UNDERGRADUATES WELCOME THEIR RECTOR: LORD CRAWFORD'S WARM RECEPTION.



(ABOVE.) ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY WELCOMES ITS NEW RECTOR: THE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES, WEARING AN UNDERGRADUATE'S SCARLET GOWN, RECEIVING THE GIFT OF A CANE CHAIR AND ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE STUDENTS.

ON April 15 the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres (twenty-eighth of Crawford and eleventh of Balcarres), the Premier Earl on the Union Roll of Scotland and the newly-elected Rector of St. Andrews University, arrived in St. Andrews for his installation on April 17. He was received at the West Port by officials of the Students' Representative Council, welcomed in Latin from an illuminated address and invested with the scarlet gown of an undergraduate. He was then drawn in an open carriage through the streets of the town with a number of halts, enlivened by presentations of gifts from various halls and residences and the performance of certain ingenious ceremonies. Later in the day he watched the start of a torchlight procession, which marched through the town and up the Kirk Hill to The Scores. At Hamilton Hall the students serenaded the Rector and the day of welcoming concluded with the lighting of a bonfire on the West Sands road.



(ABOVE.) A WELCOME FOR THE NEW RECTOR: LORD CRAWFORD AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNDERGRADUATE BODY ARE DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS BY A GROUP OF UNIVERSITY "BLUES."

(LEFT.) LIGHTING THE "PIPE OF PEACE"—AN INCIDENT OF THE PROCESSION. ONE LOCAL "INDIAN" SUPPLIES A LIGHT, WHILE ANOTHER (AFOFT) KEEPS WATCH FOR ENEMY ATTACK.

(RIGHT.) THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW RECTOR: THE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES MAKING HIS RECTORIAL ADDRESS AFTER THE CEREMONY ON APRIL 17.



OPENED BY THE HOME SECRETARY: LONDON'S FIRST CIVIL DEFENCE RESCUE TRAINING GROUND.



MAKING HIS SPEECH FROM A PLATFORM SURROUNDED BY "DÉBRIS": SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, THE HOME SECRETARY, OPENING THE RESCUE TRAINING GROUND AT HACKNEY ON APRIL 15.



A HELICOPTER CO-OPERATING IN CIVIL DEFENCE: THE SCENE AT "BULLY FEN" AS FIRST-AID MEN DEALT WITH A CASUALTY.



A REALISTIC DEMONSTRATION IN WHICH MORE THAN SEVENTY-FIVE CIVIL DEFENCE WORKERS AND OTHERS TOOK PART: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AT LONDON'S FIRST ADVANCED RESCUE TRAINING GROUND AT "BULLY FEN."



AT "BULLY FEN" DURING THE CIVIL DEFENCE EXERCISE: A HELICOPTER HOVERING ABOVE RESCUE WORKERS, AND NURSES PREPARING A CASUALTY STATION.

On April 15 Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, opened the first Advanced Rescue Training Ground in the London Civil Defence Region at "Bully Fen" on the edge of Hackney Marsh. In his speech, Sir David congratulated the L.C.C. on being the first authority in the country to provide a rescue ground on this scale. He said that he was glad that the training ground would be available to neighbouring authorities as well as to the L.C.C. The demonstration, for which the Home Secretary gave the starting signal, showed something of the way in which a helicopter can contribute to Civil Defence and illustrated the work of rescue



PENETRATING A HEAVILY SMOKE-LADEN AREA: A RESCUE WORKER WEARING BREATHING APPARATUS WITH EXTENSION "FEED" HOSE HELD BY ANOTHER MAN (CENTRE).

vehicles, Civil Defence Volunteers, Wardens, Mobile Aid Post workers; a section of the Home Guard; L.C.C. Ambulance workers; members of the Casualties Union and Boy Scouts. The Advanced Rescue Training Ground at "Bully Fen" provides facilities for training in rescue from basements and heights, in lifting, jacking, winching, tunnelling, shaft-driving through debris and oxy-acetylene cutting. In addition, there is a lecture room, classrooms, a canteen and accommodation for workmen who will maintain the training "sets." The Home Secretary made an appeal for volunteers "to join the Commandos of Civil Defence."

ROMMEL IN EUROPE 1940, 1944: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HIS COLLECTION.



THE MOMENT WHEN ROMMEL'S LEADING UNITS REACHED THE CHANNEL, TEN MILES EAST OF FÉCAMP, JUNE 10, 1940: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE FIELD MARSHAL.

"The sight of the sea with the cliffs on either side thrilled and stirred every man of us; also the thought that we had reached the coast of France. We climbed out of our vehicles and walked down the shingle beach to the water's edge until the water lapped over our boots. Several dispatch-riders in long waterproof coats walked straight out until the water was over their knees, and I had to call them back."

(RIGHT.) THE SURRENDER AT ST. VALÉRY: SHOWING GENERAL FORTUNE, COMMANDER 51ST (HIGHLAND) DIVISION, ON EXTREME RIGHT, AND GENERAL IHLE, COMMANDER FRENCH IX. CORPS, IN FOREGROUND.

In this group, taken with Rommel's camera, the Field Marshal is seen (left-centre), and a bare-headed Luftwaffe pilot who had been shot down by the British and taken prisoner. He was released by the Germans and Rommel subsequently put him in charge of the guard on the captured Allied generals. "He was visibly delighted by the change of rôle," comments Rommel. No fewer than twelve generals were brought in as prisoners, among them four divisional commanders.



BRITISH AND FRENCH PRISONERS-OF-WAR AT ST. VALÉRY; SHOWING COMMANDER R. F. ELKINS, R.N., ON EXTREME LEFT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY ROMMEL. The naval officer shown in this photograph has been identified by the Admiralty as Commander (now Rear-Admiral) R. F. Elkins, C.V.O., O.B.E., at that time Naval Liaison Officer with 51st (Highland) Division, to whose gallant behaviour Rommel pays tribute in his account of the final scenes at St. Valéry. He did not long remain a prisoner, but escaped four days later and was back in England by the end of June.



CROSSING THE SOMME ON JUNE 5, 1940: A GERMAN TANK BREAKS DOWN.

"Traffic across the bridge had now ceased again. A Panzer IV had shed its right track and was blocking the entire passage and preventing any other tanks or vehicles from passing. Attempts were being made to drag the tank bodily forwards, with little success, as the sleepers were jamming in the rubber rollers and pushing the ballast along in front of them. A good half-hour was lost while the Panzer IV. was pulled and pushed across the bridge, by other tanks."

Generals were brought in as prisoners. . . . A particular joy for us was the inclusion among them of General Fortune, commander of the 51st British Division, and his staff." In May 1944, Rommel wrote about the dog presented to him by the Organisation Todt: "It's strange what a distraction these creatures can be, and how they can take your mind off your troubles."

Reproductions from "The Rommel Papers," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.

ON page 654 in this issue, Captain Cyril Falls discusses the recently published "The Rommel Papers" (Collins), edited by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. The book is illustrated with photographs taken by Rommel himself or with his camera, and on this page we give a selection of those taken in Europe in 1940 and 1944, while others taken in North Africa appear on page 655. In the invasion of France in 1940 Rommel commanded the 7th Panzer Division. He reached the Channel on June 10, ten miles east of Fécamp. Two days later Rommel captured St. Valéry and wrote: "During the next few hours no less than twelve



SHORTLY BEFORE D-DAY: FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL (LEFT) WITH FIELD MARSHAL RUNDSTEDT AT LA ROCHE GUYON. This photograph was taken at La Roche Guyon (Rommel's headquarters in France) in May 1944. In a letter dated May 8, Rommel wrote: "The O.T. have now sent me a big, brown, smooth-haired hunting dog. It's young, good at following and affectionate, and has soon settled down to its new life."

THE question is often asked whether Rommel has been overrated as a soldier. He acquired so much prestige in the desert campaigns that his name produced a dangerous effect upon British troops and it became necessary to write him down. This was a legitimate procedure in war and, though it was propaganda, it produced some telling criticism. Yet it cannot be denied that he was a great commander. It is not always remembered in this country that, as a junior officer, he had gained an astonishing reputation in the First World War. Probably the only other German officer of comparable standing who gained comparable fame was Junger, whose books afterwards went round the world. Hitler made a happy choice when he sent Rommel to Africa, where his peculiar talents had even more scope than would have been the case in Russia. Yet again it must be remembered that he had to some extent selected himself by his achievements in France. He had not behind him Guderian's schooling in armoured warfare, but his gift for it was similar. He was always rather tactician than strategist, but towards the end of his life he set forth some interesting strategic ideas.

The great quantity of papers which he left behind him have been edited by Captain Liddell Hart, with the aid of Rommel's widow and son and of his staff officer, General Bayerlein.* They have filled in gaps which he himself left or which were due to the loss of some of the papers. They have corrected errors. The sections with which they are concerned are very readable, though Rommel's own writings are the most interesting. The best part is his account of the war in Africa, which makes a book in itself and has been published in Germany. Rommel's narrative of the German invasion in the West in 1940 is also good. He may be complacent about his achievements, but he is not boastful. His division served in the corps of General Hoth—himself to prove one of the war's greatest leaders of armoured forces—and had to cross the Meuse at Dinant. Rommel met with strong resistance on the river, and at one moment it looked as though his effort to effect a passage would fail. Once, however, that was accomplished, he never had to deal with serious opposition until he reached the sea at Cherbourg.

His reputation must be founded in the main upon the African period. As General Bayerlein points out, the German Afrika Korps owed much in its earlier victories to its superior tanks. Rommel himself owed much to the skill in minor tactics of the junior officers and men of the two armoured divisions. At the same time there cannot be the slightest doubt that these forces would have achieved far less under virtually any of the ablest men in the service. Before he met Montgomery, against whom he never won a victory—though he gained a brilliant success in Tunisia during the Montgomery period—Rommel suffered three setbacks in Africa: when he failed to take Tobruk in Wavell's day, when defeated in the Battle of Sidi Rezegh, and when held up by Auchinleck on the Alamein line. Yet his own victories were far more sweeping, and that which began on the Gazala line and ended at Alamein was overwhelming. These victories are all the more outstanding because Rommel seldom possessed superiority in the air and in the last of them was at a grave disadvantage in this respect. It must be said that the evidence of this book reinforces his claim to a high place.

The Italian period is of less interest. Rommel clashed sharply with Kesselring. He was already prejudiced against that able soldier because he felt that he had not adequately supported the German forces in Africa; but now their disagreement was of quite a different character. Kesselring wanted to hold out well south of Rome, and thought he could do so for a considerable time, as indeed he did. Rommel proposed to fall back to the Apennines just south of the Po valley. Arguments on both sides can be found, and it must be admitted that the allies in Italy played into Kesselring's hands by their indifferent handling of the Anzio landing, which might have virtually destroyed his armies. Yet on balance Kesselring seems to have had the right of it, especially as regards air warfare. Kesselring was the rare combination of first-class airman and land soldier. As such he realised the need to stretch out as far as possible the distance the allied aircraft would have to cover in order to reach Germany. He also possessed the skill in land warfare to keep that distance wide by resistance on the ground.

In France, Rommel was involved in another strategic controversy, this time against Rundstedt and

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

ROMMEL ONCE AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the specialist in armour Geyr von Schweppenburg. The formidable Guderian intervened against him, but Hitler supported him in essentials. The question was the disposal of the armoured reserves. Rundstedt wanted to place them so that they could intervene as a powerful single striking force after the Allied landing had taken place. Rommel, fearful that Allied air power would paralyse them, wanted them further forward to attack immediately any forces which got ashore. This necessarily involved a good deal of dispersion. Again I would say that he was wrong, though admittedly neither Rundstedt, Guderian nor Geyr von Schweppenburg had tried to fight a battle under the pounding of British and American air fleets in complete control of the skies. At his lecture to

family and his staff. Manfred Rommel was in the house at the time and gives an account of the final scenes.

Tactically Rommel was on occasion rash, but not blindly so. He who never gambles in war will never win a big stake, says Clausewitz, and that is true of all sorts of war in all ages. The old German is also responsible for the saying that surprise represents the sole advantage which the offensive has over the defensive. Surprise is as a rule dependent upon speed, and speed itself represents an element of gambling. Rommel allied surprise and speed, and he undoubtedly gambled, but generally with skill. By far his rashest enterprise seems to me to have been the attack at Medinina, on the Tunisian border, where he was in such a hurry that no reconnaissance was undertaken. He had a strong sense of what it is now fashionable to call "balance," so that he was not only able to deal with sudden moves by the enemy but even to profit by them. His "thrust-line"—another fashionable term, this time German—was chosen with an eye that seldom erred. His mental reactions were very quick. Apart from having a good intelligence service, he often sensed what he could not see. He had also an accurate sense of time, which means so much in quick-moving warfare. All these are the equipment of the tactician rather than the strategist.

He fought under heavy handicaps in addition to the inferiority in the air already mentioned. The shortage of supplies of his forces was even sharper than was known to the British at the time. I suppose any commander who had suffered in this respect as he did would be inclined to petulance in telling his own story of the war. Rommel certainly did not avoid the fallacious sort of argument which strives to prove that all would have gone well with the pleader's plans if others had not spoiled them. Yet he does not carry this practice nearly as far as Napoleon did. If the fuel he was calling for so urgently had been landed more closely to his position at Alamein, as he demanded, he might not have got much more than he did, because more tankers still would have been sunk. Nor do his arguments about the war as a whole face reality. Just a few more armoured divisions in

Africa, properly supplied, and we have the whole Mediterranean, and walk into Russia by the back door! It sounds like Mr. Lloyd George in 1917. Of course Hitler was mad to go to war with Russia, but, having done so, he could not starve the Russian front for Africa. He never had enough in Russia as it was. If he had taken the armoured divisions from France, what would have happened there?

This is not intended to be hard criticism of the chapter which reveals Rommel's interesting strategic ideas. As I have said, all soldiers write like this, all politicians, and even a good many churchmen and cricketers. Powerful as was Rommel's intellect, he was not an intellectual; in fact, intellectuals have only limited uses in war and are commonly not of high value in command, that simple affair which they cannot compass. Perhaps that is why they so often dislike soldiers. People often compare war and chess, but in fact the tactician in war resembles a centre-forward in football more closely than a chess-player. This is most clearly the case in the sort of war waged in Africa, the sort in which Rommel particularly shone. Do the right thing at the right moment and if possible also persuade the enemy to do the wrong thing. It is quite simple, "all in the

execution," as Napoleon remarked; but the simple is not necessarily easy. There are far fewer tacticians of the highest class than there are centre-forwards.

Where many general officers of the present day are ahead of Rommel is in their political understanding. There he does not seem to have expanded greatly even in the last days when he came to think in strategic terms as well as in tactical. Such attacks as have been made on his personal character have not been serious. I recall that when I wrote an obituary notice on him in *The Times*, of which I was then military correspondent, an indignant reader cut out the column, scrawled across it, "From Our German Military Correspondent," and posted it to the Editor; but I do not consider that this reflected adversely on Rommel. On the other hand, until near his end, he seemed to have regarded himself simply as an instrument for waging war, without further concern with it. It appears that he heard, not long before his death, of Himmler's mass killing and for that reason forbade his schoolboy son, attracted by the uniform and good equipment of the *Waffen-S.S.*, to join that corps. His own conduct was of a high standard.



CONFERENCE IN THE DESERT: (FROM L. TO R.) FIELD MARSHAL KESSELRING; GENERAL FROELICH, THE LUFTWAFFE COMMANDER AFRIKA; GENERAL GAUSE, ROMMEL'S CHIEF OF STAFF; FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL; AND GENERAL CRUEWELL, COMMANDER OF THE AFRIKA KORPS.



ROMMEL'S FUNERAL: AN OCCASION ON WHICH FULL MILITARY HONOURS WERE GIVEN AND MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE WERE SENT TO FRAU ROMMEL BY HITLER, GOERING AND GOEBBELS, ALTHOUGH THEY KNEW THAT ROMMEL HAD BEEN FORCED TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

After his death Rommel's body was taken to the hospital in Ulm. Two days later it was brought back to his home. On October 18 the coffin was carried from the house, past a guard of honour, and placed on a gun-carriage on which it was borne in state through the streets of Ulm. Hitler, on whose orders the Field Marshal had been forced to commit suicide, sent a magnificent wreath. [Reproductions from "The Rommel Papers"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.]

the Royal United Service Institution in October 1945. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery said with satisfaction of this period: "The massive counter-attack which we had always taken into consideration in our plans before the invasion never materialised in the earlier stages."

Rommel's opposition to Hitler in 1944 is still shrouded in mystery, because he destroyed all evidence of it in his hands. This was not enough, because Hitler had got on the trail from another direction. It is stated that Rommel knew nothing of the plot to kill Hitler. What is clear is that he and General Hans Speidel, his Chief of Staff, had decided to enter into negotiations with the Western Allies and had brought others, including his superior, Field Marshal von Kluge, to agreement on this subject. Other evidence has already made it apparent that Kluge had been on the fringe of forcible action against Hitler at an earlier period, while serving in Russia, but had backed out. Kluge and Rommel both committed suicide, but the former apparently did so voluntarily, whereas the latter, while at home recovering from his wound, was forced to do so to save his

* "The Rommel Papers." Translated by Paul Findlay. (Collins; 25s.)

THE "DESERT FOX" AS A PHOTOGRAPHER: ROMMEL'S PICTORIAL RECORD OF HIS CAMPAIGN IN NORTH AFRICA.



ON page 653 we reproduce photographs taken by Field Marshal Rommel, or with his camera, in Europe in 1940 and 1944. Here we reproduce photographs taken in North Africa, four of which appear in "The Rommel Papers." General Fritz Bayerlein, who has assisted in editing Rommel's papers, was Chief of Staff to General Cruewell, commander of the Afrika Korps, and later took over acting command of the Korps when General Nehring was wounded. He again

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN: FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL AND (RIGHT) GENERAL FRITZ BAYERLEIN DURING THE BATTLE OF ALAMEIN, NOVEMBER 1942.



AT WORK IN HIS CARAVAN, PLANNING ONE OF THE LIGHTNING ATTACKS WHICH MADE HIS NAME A LEGEND: FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL IN NORTH AFRICA BEFORE THE TURN OF THE TIDE AT EL ALAMEIN.



ROMMEL TALKING WITH MAJOR-GENERAL GAMBIER-PARRY, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH 2ND ARMoured DIVISION, WHO WAS CAPTURED WITH HIS HEADQUARTERS AT MECHILI. THE BARE-HEADED OFFICER WITH DARK GLASSES IS COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND.



CLEARING A PATH FOR ROMMEL'S MOBILE HEADQUARTERS, WHICH IS SEEN HERE TOWING HIS CARAVAN: MEN OF THE AFRIKA KORPS DIGGING A WAY THROUGH THE SAND-HILLS. IN ACTION ROMMEL OFTEN SLEPT IN HIS CAR OR IN A LORRY.



FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS AT FORT CAPUZZO, WHICH HAD BEEN CAPTURED IN APRIL 1941: A PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF NOVEMBER 29, 1941, AND . . . (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON RIGHT)

(Continued.)

took over command of the Korps in the last hours of the Battle of El Alamein. In February 1943, when Army Group "Afrika" was formed under Rommel's command, he became Rommel's Chief of Staff and then served in that capacity under General Messe. He was flown to Italy before the final German collapse in North Africa. When in the rear areas Rommel used a caravan as his living quarters, but when in action was usually well up with his troops, and then slept



. . . ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT ROMMEL TOOK AT FORT CAPUZZO AND FOUND AMONGST HIS PAPERS (NOT REPRODUCED IN "THE ROMMEL PAPERS").

in his car or any other vehicle that was available. In a preface to the book, Manfred Rommel writes: "My father was an enthusiastic photographer. . . . For the book he planned to write on the Second World War he intended to be well provided with photographs, and he took literally thousands, both in Europe and in Africa, including a large number in colour. He took photographs only when advancing, he once told me; 'I don't photograph my own retreat.'"

Top four photographs reproduced from "The Rommel Papers," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.

THE QUEEN ON CLYDESIDE, AND THE LAUNCHING OF THE ROYAL YACHT.



SLIDING SWEETLY INTO THE WATER: THE NEW ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* JUST AFTER ITS LAUNCHING FROM THE CLYDEBANK YARD OF JOHN BROWN AND CO.

DESPITE wind and rain, thousands of people gave a great welcome to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they visited Clydeside on April 16 for the launching of the new Royal yacht from the Clydebank yard of John Brown and Co. Before proceeding to the shipyard the Royal party carried out visits to an industrial estate, a new housing scheme, and Dumbarton Castle. At the Castle gates the Queen was challenged by the sentry, a private of the Territorial Army. Then, on bended knee, the Hereditary Keeper of the Castle, Major-General Telfer-Smollett, presented the keys, which were returned to his safe keeping. After luncheon the great moment came when the Queen named the 4000-ton Royal yacht *Britannia*. Until that moment the name had been kept a closely-guarded secret. Her Majesty, amid resounding cheers, then launched the ship as the band struck up "Rule, Britannia."



IN THE RIVER CLYDE AFTER THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY: *BRITANNIA*, THE MOST MODERN IN A LONG LINE OF ROYAL YACHTS WHICH GOES BACK TO THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES II. (INSET.) THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.



FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF QUEEN VICTORIA: H.M. THE QUEEN PLANTING A JAPANESE CHERRY-TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF DUMBARTON CASTLE. QUEEN VICTORIA, WHO VISITED THE CASTLE IN 1847, ARRIVING BY SEA, PLANTED A TREE, WHICH STILL FLOURISHES, TO COMMEMORATE HER VISIT.



"I NAME THIS SHIP *BRITANNIA*. I WISH SUCCESS TO HER AND ALL THOSE WHO SAIL IN HER": H.M. THE QUEEN NAMING THE NEW ROYAL YACHT.



RE-ENACTING A TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING THE KEYS OF DUMBARTON CASTLE FROM MAJOR-GENERAL TELFER-SMOLLETT, HEREDITARY KEEPER OF THE CASTLE.

H.M.S. CONWAY A TOTAL LOSS: A HISTORIC WOODEN SHIP AGROUND.



FAST AGROUND ON THE CAERNARVONSHIRE SHORE OF THE MENAI STRAIT: H.M.S. CONWAY, THE 114-YEAR-OLD WOODEN BATTLESHIP, FORMERLY H.M.S. NILE, WHICH HAS BEEN USED AS A TRAINING-SHIP.



THE FIGUREHEAD OF CONWAY, WHICH WAS FORMERLY A 92-GUN SHIP-OF-THE-LINE: IT IS IN THE SHAPE OF A BUST OF NELSON.



SHOWING HOW THE RISING TIDE HAD PARTIALLY SUBMERGED THE STERN: H.M.S. CONWAY AFTER SHE HAD RUN AGROUND ON APRIL 14 IN THE MENAI STRAIT ON HER WAY TO BIRKENHEAD FOR A REFIT.

Everyone felt a sense of regret when the announcement was made on April 16 that the 114-year-old wooden battleship *Conway* was a total loss. This historic vessel, formerly H.M.S. *Nile*, a 92-gun ship-of-the-line, served in the naval campaign of the Crimean War. She had been lent by the Admiralty to the Mercantile Marine Service Association of Liverpool for the training of young officers for the Royal and Merchant Navies; and had long been a feature of Merseyside. In 1941, however, she was moved to the Menai Strait to avoid danger from enemy air-raids. On April 14 she was making a voyage to Birkenhead for a refit, and went aground

on the Caernarvonshire shore, near the Menai suspension bridge. The disaster occurred when she was about to get clear of the dangerous Swillies channel. She swung out of control and her tugs were hindered by the swift tide. The stern tug went to help the forward tug, but the line between them broke, and, with only one tug, the *Conway* swung starboard on to a shelf of rock. She kept on an even keel and, as evening came, was completely out of water; but later the rising tide partially submerged her stern. On April 16, after a conference between officials and salvage experts, it was announced that she must be given up as a total loss.

THE CANADIAN
CABINET IN SESSION:
A UNIQUE GROUP
PORTRAIT OF THE
GOVERNMENT
OF THE GREAT AND
PROSPEROUS
AMERICAN MEMBER
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH.

IT might well be claimed that since the war Canada has become the most prosperous and materially progressive country in the world. It is, of course, the only Dominion of the Commonwealth with a "hard" currency; and such are its vast natural resources and so rapid its industrial development that for some time now the Canadian dollar has been at a premium even in respect of the U.S. dollar. It can be argued that much of this prosperity is due to its stable Government, the Liberal Party having been in power continuously for seventeen years, for many years under the leadership of the late Mr. Mackenzie King and, since 1946, under that of Mr. Louis St. Laurent, the present Prime Minister. It is expected that a General Election will take place during this year; but in view of the great cuts in taxation announced by Mr. Abbott in his "Prosperity" Budget, presented two months earlier than usual to allow Canada's representatives to attend the Coronation, it seems unlikely that the Canadian people will at this juncture change their Government. Before the war Canadian Ministers, except the Premier, were little known outside their own country; but with the development of Canada as a Power in her own right, Mr. Pearson (as Foreign Minister and in respect of his United Nations activities), Mr. Abbott (as Finance Minister) and Mr. Claxton and Mr. Howe (in problems of Western defence) have all emerged as figures of world significance.

Camera study by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE CANADIAN CABINET IN SESSION, WITH THE PREMIER, MR. ST. LAURENT, PRESIDING AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE. THIS IS CLAIMED AS THE FIRST GROUP PORTRAIT OF A MODERN CANADIAN CABINET IN SESSION.

Clockwise, from the bottom left-hand corner: Mr. Alcide Côté, the Postmaster-General; Mr. Walter E. Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration; Mr. F. G. Bradley, Secretary of State for Canada; Mr. Stuart Garson, Minister of Justice and Attorney-General; Mr. Milton Gregg, V.C., Minister of Labour; Mr. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare; Mr. James J. McCann, Minister of National Revenue; Mr. Alphonse Fournier, Minister of Public Works; Mr. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce and Minister of Defence Production; Mr. Louis St. Laurent, Prime Minister and President of the Privy Council; Mr. J. G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence; Mr. Douglas Abbott, Minister of Finance and Receiver-General; Senator Wishart Robertson, Leader of the Government in the Senate, Minister without Portfolio; Mr. Lester B. Pearson, Secretary of State for External Affairs; Mr. Robert H. Winters, Minister of Resources and Development; Mr. Hugues Lapointe, Minister of Veterans' Affairs; Mr. George Prud'homme, Minister of Mines and Technical Surveys; Mr. Ralph Campney, Associate Minister of National Defence and Solicitor-General. Also in the Cabinet, but not present when the photograph was taken, are Mr. James Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries; and Mr. Lionel Chevrier, Minister of Transport.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WHY DO LAMBS GAMBOL?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

PLAY may assume a number of forms, each of which is capable of a different biological analysis, but the springtime play of young animals can be brought under one heading. It is play in its purest and simplest form, dependent primarily on two things, a freedom from over-riding anxiety and an excess of energy over and above that required for ordinary living. While play, in this sense, is more evident in the young animal, it is by no means exclusive to juveniles. There is, however, the greater chance of these two necessary conditions obtaining in the young stages, especially where some form of parental protection is given. Such protection, linked with a lack of experience, buffers the young animal, at least temporarily, from a realisation that the world is a hard one and life a grim affair.

Where parental care reaches its highest expression in the animal kingdom, namely, with the mammals, our second pre-requisite to play is most pronounced. In the early stages of infancy the young are suckled. This means that not only is their food provided in a rich and easily digested form, but no appreciable physical effort is needed to obtain it. The result is the accumulation of an excess of energy over that required for bodily growth, and this is dissipated in play. Under these circumstances, play may be described, according to taste, either as a comfort-movement relieving the inevitable neuro-muscular tensions, or as a safety-valve.

Although we may describe the underlying motive of play in these admittedly general terms, there is also a practical issue of some significance. Play is educative. The fact that the movements carried out are on the whole extravagant calls for rapid learning in the co-ordination of muscles and sense-organs; and, conversely, the muscle and nerve tone in young tissues being high, learning proceeds at a rapid rate. In other words, everything in a young animal is directed towards rapid growth and rapid learning and the channel of expression is found in play. As the cares and responsibilities of adulthood increase there is a diminution in the amount of play, although this varies considerably from species to species, or even from individual to individual.

It was not so much the fact that it is now spring, it was a postscript in a letter that directed my thoughts to this matter of play. The writer of the letter, having dealt with an entirely different topic and signed the letter, added: "By the way, why do lambs

several Mediterranean words signifying hoof, joint and leg. Without probing too closely its etymology, we can confidently suppose that as applied to the movements of lambs it infers a "legginess" which is not typical of the adult highly domesticated sheep. It is, however, characteristic of the wild sheep and leads to the speculation that the conduct of the lamb has its roots deep in a remote ancestry: that in its



ILLUSTRATING THE LEGGINESS OF THE LAMB, PARTICULARLY SHOWN IN ITS YOUTHFUL ANTICS WHICH HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE SPECIAL NAME OF GAMBOLLING, A CELTIC WORD HAVING SOMETHING IN COMMON ETYMOLOGICALLY WITH THE ITALIAN WORD *GAMBA*: AN ALMOST BLACK LAMB, REGARDED AS THE DEVIL BY THE SHEPHERD, BUT ALSO CONSIDERED A BRINGER OF GOOD LUCK.

Wild sheep are typically dwellers on the undulating mountain-sides, and although they do not frequent the crags, in the manner of wild goats, they still need skill in leaping and climbing. This seems to be reflected in the gambolling of the lambs of domesticated sheep, despite the long separation in time from their wild ancestors. Whatever foundation there may be for supposing a now extinct species for the origin for our present-day meat- and wool-bearing sheep, there is little doubt that wild sheep were formerly more extensive in their range. The sole European species, the mouflon, of slender build and close-set coat, more like an antelope than a sheep, is found to-day only in the mountainous districts of Sardinia and Corsica. Greatly reduced in numbers, it has probably been saved from extinction by its habit of lying up in cover by day and coming out at night to feed. A similar story can be told of the single species of wild sheep in North America, the Rocky Mountain sheep, or bighorn, of which various races are found from Mexico to Alaska. It feeds mainly on open ground but keeps near enough to rocky hills and mountain-sides to be able to bolt for safety from its natural enemies: wolves, pumas and eagles. Now, with its ranks dangerously thinned by human hunters, it is found mainly on very high ground, and has even been completely exterminated in places.

Against the single wild sheep in Europe, the mouflon, the one in Cyprus and Asia Minor, the red sheep, the single species in Northern Africa, the arui or Barbary sheep, and the bighorn of America, Asia possesses four species, each with several races. The urial or shapu, ranging from the Caspian and Tibet to the Punjab and Kashmir, lives up to 14,000 ft. above sea-level. The bharal, or blue sheep, of Tibet, is found between 10,000 and 16,000 ft. The argali, of the mountains of Central Asia, the finest of all wild sheep, 4 ft. high at the shoulder, and carrying horns weighing up to 40 lb. the pair, live at heights of 15,000 to 18,000 ft. Finally, the fourth of the Asiatic wild sheep comprises several races in Kamchatka related to the American bighorn, the remnants, it is assumed, of sheep that roamed these parts of Asia and America when the eastern tip of Siberia and the western end of Alaska were joined.

Returning to our original theme, it is worth recalling that the word gambolling, a word now largely obsolete, appears to have been reserved for lambs and



THE FRISKING OF LAMBS SEEMS TO HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH THE ANCESTRAL HABIT OF LIVING ON MOUNTAINS. SINCE IT HAS NOTHING ELSE TO CLIMB, THE LAMB IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH USES THE BACK OF ITS MOTHER FOR ITS "MOUNTAINEERING" EXERCISE, RECALLING THE SPIRIT OF ITS WILD PROGENITORS.



YOUNG LAMBS MAY SKIP TOGETHER, BUT IT IS LARGELY ACCIDENTAL. FOR THE MOST PART, THEIR GAMBOLLING IS IMPERSONAL, A MEANS OF USING EXCESS ENERGY IN THE EDUCATION OF ITS MUSCLES AND SENSES.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

gambol?" So I have been sheep-watching, not in the manner of a shepherd, but as an alternative to bird-watching. The first thing that struck me was that the antics of a lamb, in spite of their sprightliness, are singularly humourless and impersonal, and seemingly without purpose. There is the short run and the jump at the end, which in its most exaggerated form is converted into a twisting leap. And although the physiological basis and the ultimate function conform to the analysis I have given, it is not in the least surprising that they should have been given a special name. We call these antics gambolling. The origin of the word is by no means certain. Some writers claim that it is Celtic, but its root is close to

play it is educating its limbs for purposes which domestication, at least in the lowland or even the Downs breeds, makes no longer necessary.

As in so many of our domesticated animals, very little is known for certain about the ancestors of the sheep. It has been domesticated in Europe since the New Stone Age, and there are many theories about its progenitors: that it was originally derived from the urial of Asia; that the urial, the mouflon and even the argali have contributed at different times and in varying proportions to sheep, in the many and varied forms existing throughout the world to-day; and, finally, that the sheep originally domesticated were from a wild stock that has since become extinct.

children. Leaving aside any question as to the reason for this, there is yet a point to be made. In the grim and burdensome life we call civilisation, play tends to be regarded by some as a rare privilege, a recreation to condition the tired body for its next task instead of an inalienable expression of life itself. It is more common among wild animals; even the adults, than we normally suppose, and if the adult sheep is stolid and unplayful it is largely the result of the burden of domestication, of the selection of strains to bear the most mutton or wool. At all times play is health-giving; and there have been occasions in the past when whole communities were encouraged in it to ward off epidemic disease.

EQUALLY AT HOME IN A HOUSE OR A HOTEL: OTTERS ENJOYING LIFE AS DOMESTIC PETS.



TIME FOR DINNER: *BEMIDJI* AND *WINONA*, TWO LIVELY SIX-YEAR-OLD OTTERS, SEEN HURRYING DOWNSTAIRS TO THE KITCHEN IN THEIR HOME AT HOMER, MINNESOTA. THEY ARE SO WELL-BEHAVED THAT THEY HAVE THE RUN OF THE HOUSE.



ON TOUR: *BEMIDJI* AND *WINONA* INDULGING IN MORNING ANTICS IN THE BATHROOM OF A HOTEL AT WINONA. RELEASED FROM THEIR WIRE TRAVELLING CAGES, THEY DELIGHT IN THE LUXURY OF "ALL MOD. CON."

WHEN THEIR OWNER, MR. LIERS, GOES ON A LECTURE TOUR THE OTTERS GO WITH HIM AND ARE NOW EXPERIENCED TRAVELLERS.



AN UNUSUAL BED-FELLOW: A THREE-YEAR-OLD OTTER CALLED *SQUEE-WEE* PEEPING OUT INQUISITIVELY FROM UNDER THE COVERS OF MR. EMIL LIERS' BED.

Eleven otters have found a happy home with Mr. Emil Liers at Homer, Minnesota, U.S.A. These unusual and attractive pets chase each other endlessly, play follow-the-leader, wrestle, slide down mud banks and, of course, swim in any open water. In twenty-five years Mr. Liers has had more than 150 otters and not one has ever left home. So much a part of his life have the otters become that Mr. Liers has now given up all other activities to become a lecturer, an adviser



"WOT, NO SOAP?": *BEMIDJI* AND *WINONA* ENJOYING A BATH IN A HOTEL; AT HOME THEY ONLY HAVE OUTSIDE PLUMBING.

to superintendents of zoos, and to write a book. The book, entitled "An Otter's Story," is to be published this spring. Wherever Mr. Liers goes to lecture, some of the otters go with him. As a result, they are probably the only otters in the world who have learnt to make themselves as comfortable in a hotel room as they are in bed at home. The photographs of the otters on this and the following pages are reproduced by special permission of the editors of "Life."

Photographs by "Life" photographer Wallace Kirkland.



TWISTING TO CATCH A CRAYFISH: BEMIDJI, AN ADULT OTTER WEIGHING SOME 20 LB., IS, LIKE ALL OTTERS, EXTREMELY QUICK AND AGILE IN WATER.



HOLDING A MINNOW BETWEEN HER POWERFUL WEBBED FOREPAWS: WINONA, A TAME OTTER, GLANCES AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER BEFORE DEVOURING HER MEAL.



ENJOYING A SNACK IN COMFORT: BEMIDJI RELAXES AS HE EATS. FISH FORMS THE BASIS OF AN OTTER'S DIET.

TAME OTTERS FEEDING IN A FISHERY IN MINNESOTA: A SERIES OF UNDERWATER

People who have kept otters as pets maintain that they are second to none in intelligence and character. Mr. Emil Liers, of Homer, Minnesota, who has been keeping these pets for twenty-five years, finds them so obedient and well-mannered that he gives them the run of the house. He takes them for romps in the woods

and has built them a tank. The oldest of the colony is a nineteen-year-old bitch called Tara. Most of the others have been acquired through breeding. The liveliest were gifts—Winona and Bemidji, now six years old, were given to Mr. Liers as cubs when their mother was killed, and three-year-old Squee-Wee is



DIVING FOR A FROG: WINONA, ONE OF THE OTTERS, SEEN IN AN UNDERWATER PICTURE TAKEN AT A FISHERY NEAR MR. LIERS' HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THESE ENGAGING ANIMALS CATCHING AND EATING THEIR PREY.

another adopted orphan. When they are playing outside, near the banks of the Mississippi, Mr. Liers rounds them up by calling to them. If they have been swimming, they come up shaking themselves, as dogs do, to get dry. Mr. Liers supplements their natural diet of frogs and fish with horsemeat and cereal. On these

pages we show the otters in a fishery near the Liers' home, and on the preceding page enjoying an indoor life. All these photographs, and the information about Mr. Liers' otters are reproduced by special permission of the editors of "Life." (Photographs by "Life" photographer Wallace Kirkland.)

THE REOPENING OF DULWICH GALLERY: A

TOUR WITH SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A.



(RIGHT.) "BAL CRAMPÈRE"; BY JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721). (224 by 253 ins.)

"Even so famous a picture as the Watteau seems to have been covered with repaints and now that they have been removed it looks infinitely more transparent and beautiful. Whilst he was cleaning it, Hell pointed out the traces of a set of arms, which indicated that, at one time, the architectural setting had been different . . . and I am not sure that I should not have preferred the original setting to the one Watteau finally painted."

ON April 27, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has arranged to reopen the Dulwich Gallery, damaged by a flying bomb in 1944. On these pages we reproduce paintings from the collection, with the comments of Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., so that our readers may enjoy his informed and lively notes. The collection originated principally in the pictures bequeathed by Ned Dessefano to Sir Francis Bourgeois, who left them, with additions, to Dulwich College. Sir Gerald writes: "My father was Vicar of St. Giles, Camberwell, and at the comparatively early age of nine or ten I first visited the Dulwich Picture Gallery. . . . Under the will of Sir Peter Francis

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) "ISAAC BLESSING JACOB"; BY GERARDUS WILHELM S.J. HORST (1612-1652). (644 by 779 ins.)

"We have a big picture 'Isaac Blessing Jacob,' which was catalogued as by Jan Victor. At one time it must have been called a Rembrandt, and there's still a nice forged signature in the right-hand bottom corner. The picture has had a very rough passage and suffered a good deal of damage. Quantities of repaints and restoration have been removed, but I asked that the forged 'Rembrandt' signature should be retained and the signature J.V. should be rendered as legible as possible. The cleaning of this picture has been long and arduous, and finally, about a fortnight ago, came the news that the signature of Jan Victor had come away and underneath it was 'HORST 1638.' Horst was a pupil of Rembrandt and his paintings are very rare; there were two pictures by him in Berlin before the war. . . . Perhaps we have arrived at the true author of this picture. Perhaps future cleaning will find another artist's name at a lower stratum."

"KNEAS WITH THE SPOILS OF MELENTUS"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). (194 by 6 ins.)

"The Roman Soldier with a Trophy" measured 19 by 13 ins. and was ascribed to the School of Rubens, but it has turned out to be a genuine Rubens, though only 6 ins. wide. A strip about 3 ins. wide had been added to either side in order to make it seem more important. . . . Dr. Burchardt says it is a sketch by Rubens for 'Kneass with the Spoils of Melemtus,' probably for a tapestry."

(Continued.)

Bourgeois the Royal Academy was charged to appoint a Governor to Dulwich College, whose special business it would be to look after the pictures. When Sir Alfred Munnings offered me the job I accepted with alacrity. I thought it was a sinecure, but on appointment I asked to be



(LEFT.) "THE ROMAN ROAD"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). (311 by 391 ins.)

"There was a picture catalogued as 'School of Poussin,' The Roman Road, which had been very badly damaged. . . . But as he removed more and more of the repainting, Dr. Hell was able to report that what was underneath was of very fine quality. . . . We are claiming the picture as an original. . . ."

(RIGHT.) "FOUR SAINTS"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640).

"There was a panel measuring 244 by 191 ins. School of Rubens, entitled 'Four Saints,' when Dr. Burchardt told me that we found that it was, in fact, two panels, which had been joined into one. We have divided it again, and the two panels have proved to be Rubens' holograph sketches for the outside panels of the altar-piece, with the 'Elevation of the Cross' in Antwerp."



(ABOVE.) "HARBOUR OF GENOA"; BY CLAUDE JOSEPH VERNET (1714-1789). (411 by 461 ins.)

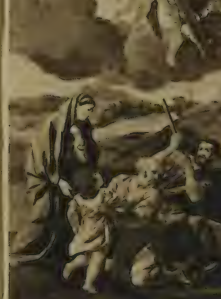
"This also had been heavily repainted, and whilst it was being cleaned it became clear that a strip, nearly 3 ins. wide had been added to the right-hand side and a similar strip, 1-1/2 ins. wide, had been added to the bottom; and under the repaint we found Vernet's actual signature."

(Continued.)

allowed to go to Wales, where the pictures were stored during the war, and there I found a state of things which demanded serious treatment. The Governors gave me complete liberty . . . at my request they appointed Dr. Hell to clean and repair the pictures, and for eight years he has methodically been doing this. Some of the routine work was uninteresting, but we also had tremendous fun. In 1947 a number of the cleaned paintings were exhibited at the National Gallery, and on June 28, 1947 The Illustrated London News reproduced some, including the Rubens 'Venus, Mars and Cupid,' Rembrandt's 'The Girl at a Window,' Van Dyck's 'Emmanuel Philibert,' and 'Jacob's Dream,' formerly given to Rembrandt, but found to be by Aert de Gelder. Sir Gerald Kelly writes as follows of the cleaning of 'The Girl at a Window': 'Behind her was a foolish green curtain so regular and insensitive that it looked like a coil of hot-water pipes. This has come away and revealed Rembrandt's original background.' Of the cleaning of Van Dyck's 'Emmanuel Philibert' in armour, he writes: 'I had

(RIGHT.) "SAMSON AND DELILAH"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (694 by 503 ins.)

This splendid painting is an example of Van Dyck's Genoese period. Sir Gerald Kelly considers that had Van Dyck died as a young man in 1636 on his return from Italy he would have been mourned as a young painter of outstanding genius.



(Continued above, right.)

(LEFT.) "THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). (44 by 37 ins.)

"Another find was the 'Flight Into Egypt,' catalogued as School of Poussin, but now found to be an original."

(Continued.)

but Dr. Hell pointed out that the railing had squeezed discoloured pools of varnish into the paint and he was sure he could clean the picture, leaving traces of these tiny patches of discoloured varnish. He has done it so well that at a distance of a couple of feet, it is impossible not to imagine the original impasto, which is a complete illusion; these tiny discoloured patches imply an irregular surface and they must never be cleaned away. To-day it is lovely."

(RIGHT.) "MERCURY AND VENUS"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). (311 by 341 ins.)

"Was ascribed to the School of Poussin and it was very dirty. Now that it has been cleaned Professor Blunt accepts it as an original, cut down on the left. Poussin's drawing of the composition is in existence, and so we can tell that we have two-thirds of the picture."

(Continued.)

been so heavily squeezed when refined that the surface, which had once been clothed with uneven paint, was as smooth as a mirror. I was advised not to have it cleaned, because it might become, as it were, like linoleum. (Continued below, center.)

(RIGHT.) "THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM"; BY SIR P. P. RUBENS (1577-1640).

"There was 'Portrait of a Woman—perhaps the second wife' by Rubens or School of Rubens. The lower part of this picture was coarse and heavy, but this all came away, and under a double pearl necklace was the beautiful painting of a single row of pearls; under the clumsy hands we found another portrait—rather sketchy—and we have a possibly interesting portrait by the Master. Dr. Burchardt identified the sitter as the wife of the 1st Duke of Buckingham."





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. OLD SPODE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

TO begin with, before proceeding to a less aromatic subject, a little nostalgia about cheese. In the 1930's there was a restaurant in Paris which used to boast of 252—or thereabouts—different sorts of cheeses on the menu; I never entered its doors; and then came the war. I look back regretfully upon this lost opportunity, which is, in fact, lost opportunity No. 2. No. 1 is that I never saw Marie Lloyd. Then came that long period of artificially coloured mousetrap cheese looking remarkably like kitchen soap; the disappearance of Stilton and Wensleydale and the others, and the theory in equalitarian quarters that it was not quite respectable to have a palate.

Now in Coronation Year hope returns, for in the modest lunch-room which I frequent a noble Stilton was recently set upon the table wrapped in a fair white cloth and this perhaps is a harbinger of other civilised ceremonial occasions. But I presume the days of a narrow cartwheel kind of farm-house cheese are not likely to return. Indeed, I suspect that the noble shape made to fit Fig. 1 here went out of fashion a long time ago, except

maybe in Wensleydale itself—or would Cheshire or Somerset indulge in it? You have perhaps seen wooden cheese-stands of this shape; glazed earthenware specimens are rare indeed. The design, printed under the glaze in cobalt blue, is derived from two aquatints, by J. Merigot and R. Edwards, published in 1798. These two views of Rome and the Tiber have been combined together and given an engaging twist (note especially the trees) so that you do receive the impression that here are St. Peter's and the Bridge of San Angelo and the castle, as interpreted by a Chinese tourist with a gift for landscape. It

is, as are the other pieces illustrated, from the Spode factory. The credit for the technique of the under-glaze blue printing goes to Josiah Spode I. (1733-1797): the pattern, known as "Tiber," which was very popular and used for a wide range of tea and dinner services was put on the market during the reign of Josiah Spode II. (1754-1827). While the normal Spode body of the period is cream, this service was printed on white. No doubt many readers of this page will have inherited numerous pieces of this design, but few will be familiar with the cheese-stand.

The piece illustrated in Fig. 4, of green glazed earthenware, is perhaps less surprising in so far as "green Spode" is by now a more or less proverbial expression, though, to be sure, it is rare enough—and early enough (1775 in this case) to be of more than usual interest. It is rather easy when confronted with such a piece as this in the midst of other things, to be struck by its soft colour—I presume "cabbage green" is a strictly accurate description—and to fail to note how clever and harmonious is the design. I sometimes lament that it is not possible to reproduce things on this page in their proper colour; in this instance a monochrome illustration is rather an advantage, because it brings out the subtlety of the design

extremely well. You will remember the fashion among pretty well all European porcelain manufacturers to produce vegetable dishes in the shape of bundles of asparagus, and so forth—here is a Staffordshire pioneer translating that fashion into his own earthenware and, to my mind, doing it in an extremely ingenious way. Cabbage leaves, at first sight, may appear to be somewhat unpromising models for a strictly utilitarian piece of table-ware—we can,

the broad parts of the leaves dark. This "green Spode" was a great commercial success and was widely imitated, especially for dessert services. In case you have already jumped to the conclusion that this is a soup-tureen and are wondering how you could bring yourself to serve anything but cabbage soup in it, I must add that it is not for soup, but for sugar.

If the design on the cheese-stand might be considered a Chinese version of the Roman scene, the decoration on the plate of Fig. 3 is decidedly a Westerner's notion of Chinese porcelain decoration; the notion is derived from a thousand examples of blue-and-white imports from China. We smile at the way in which the Chinese sometimes copied European designs—here the Chinese could well smile at us, for this plate, for all its Oriental dress, is as English as the Albert Hall. Pseudo-Chinese though it is, with the rock in the background, a naïve mixture of peonies and reeds (?) and a couple of unconvincing birds, not forgetting the flower sprays on the border, with their ribands, it is extremely charming; and just to make sure you are in no doubt as to his intentions, Josiah Spode II. has marked it with the name "Spode" and "Stone China" and bogus Chinese characters. Actually, this plate and the others of its type represent a considerable advance in the perfection of the material

—it is the result of many experiments towards a body which would resemble the bluish tone of contemporary Chinese porcelain. It is a felspathic earthenware, opaque, but of a finer texture than earthenware, half-way, or perhaps a little more than half-way, from earthenware to porcelain, hard-wearing and as well-liked to-day as it was when Josiah Spode II. first put it on the market about the year of Trafalgar.

Fig. 2 would, I think, by most of us be called Crown Derby at a casual glance, mainly because we normally associate anything derived from the Japanese Imari pattern with that factory, though, of

course, others—Worcester and Chelsea, for example—fell under the Japanese magic from time to time. This cup and saucer can be dated 1802 by reference to the old pattern-book at the Copeland-Spode factory. The design is familiar enough: a conventionalised chrysanthemum, bold blues and reds and rich gilding, but—if you compare this and a Crown Derby piece of the period—you will find it rather more coherent, less violent than the latter and nearer the comparative reticence of the earlier Chelsea and Worcester versions. It appears that the elder Spode, though he was decorating bone china in the Japanese manner as early as 1792, soon grew tired of it and returned to his first love—namely, Chinese porcelain, for inspiration. It is this so-called bone china (in which bone ash is added to the other normal constituents) which is the elder Spode's real memorial, for, by it, he produced a ware which combined the whiteness and translucency of porcelain with the durability necessary for ordinary household usage; and this played an important part in the subsequent commercial development of the industry. In the 1790's a Staffordshire-born tea merchant, William Copeland, became Spode's London representative and then his partner. I have to thank William Copeland's great-great-grandson, Mr. A. G. Copeland, for permission to reproduce these pieces from his own collection.



FIG. 1. BEARING A DESIGN KNOWN AS "TIBER," ADAPTED FROM TWO PRINTS OF ROME, 1798: A BLUE-AND-WHITE SPODE EARTHENWARE CHEESE-STAND. (16 ins. from horn to horn.)

This rare Spode glazed earthenware cheese-stand is of the shape designed for the "narrow cartwheel kind of farm-house cheese." The pattern of the decoration, known as "Tiber," is derived from two aquatints, by J. Merigot and R. Edwards, published in 1798. It combines views of Rome, which have been given an engaging Chinese twist.



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH A DESIGN DERIVED FROM THE JAPANESE IMARI PATTERN: A CUP AND SAUCER OF SPODE BONE CHINA OF 1802.

This cup and saucer "would, I think, by most of us be called Crown Derby at a casual glance," writes Frank Davis, but adds that a comparison with a Crown Derby piece will show that it "is rather more coherent and less violent."



FIG. 3. MARKED WITH THE NAME "SPODE" AND "STONE CHINA," PLUS PSEUDO-CHINESE CHARACTERS: A STONE CHINA PLATE WITH DESIGNS ADAPTED FROM BLUE-AND-WHITE IMPORTS FROM CHINA, c. 1805-10. This plate, which represents a "Westerner's notion of Chinese porcelain decoration . . . for all its Oriental dress, is as English as the Albert Hall."



FIG. 4. ILLUSTRATING THE CHARM OF THE POPULAR CABBAGE PATTERN FOR DESSERT SERVICES: A SPODE GREEN GLAZED EARTHENWARE SUGAR-BOWL WITH CASTOR SPOON. 1775. "Green Spode" pieces are "rare enough—and early enough (1775 in this case) to be of more than usual interest." Frank Davis in describing this sugar-bowl points out how clever and harmonious is the design.

I think, give Spode full marks for the way in which he has used the stalks as handles and folded the leaves one over the other. There is another virtue of this green ware which is also brought out very well in the photograph: the variation of the density of the green glaze. This was achieved by allowing the glaze, during the firing, to run into the valleys of the raised design. The result is a reasonably near approximation to nature, the veins of the leaves near-white,

MICHELANGELO'S GREAT DRAWINGS: ON VIEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"IDEAL HEAD OF A WOMAN." ABOUT 1516. PROBABLY A "PRESENTATION DRAWING." ON VIEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM AS ARE THE OTHER DRAWINGS REPRODUCED.
Red chalk. 8 5/64 by 6 1/4 ins. Ashmolean Museum.



"HALF-LENGTH FIGURE OF A WOMAN." ABOUT 1525. PROBABLY A "PRESENTATION DRAWING."
Pen and ink over red and black chalk. 12 1/4 by 10 5/32 ins. British Museum.



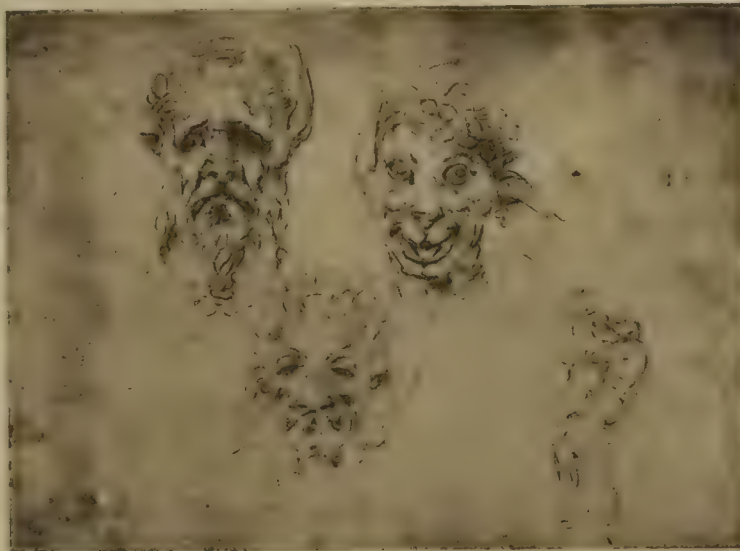
"ANDREA QUARATESI," C. 1532. THE ONLY FINISHED PORTRAIT DRAWING WITH A TRADITIONAL ATTRIBUTION TO MICHELANGELO EXISTING.
Black chalk. 16 1/4 by 11 1/4 ins. British Museum.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD." ABOUT 1557-60. THE DRAWINGS IN THE EXHIBITION COVER MICHELANGELO'S CAREER FROM C. 1501 TO PERHAPS THE YEAR OF HIS DEATH, 1564. Black chalk. 10 1/4 by 4 39/64 ins. British Museum.

THE exhibition of drawings by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564) in the Prints and Drawings Room of the British Museum, which opened last week, will continue until June 28. It is the first exhibition devoted to Michelangelo's drawings alone to be held in London since Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection was shown in 1836; and embraces every phase of his work, with the exception of the earliest period before 1501. The Queen has graciously lent drawings from the Royal Collection; and the Ashmolean and private collectors have been equally

[Continued below.]



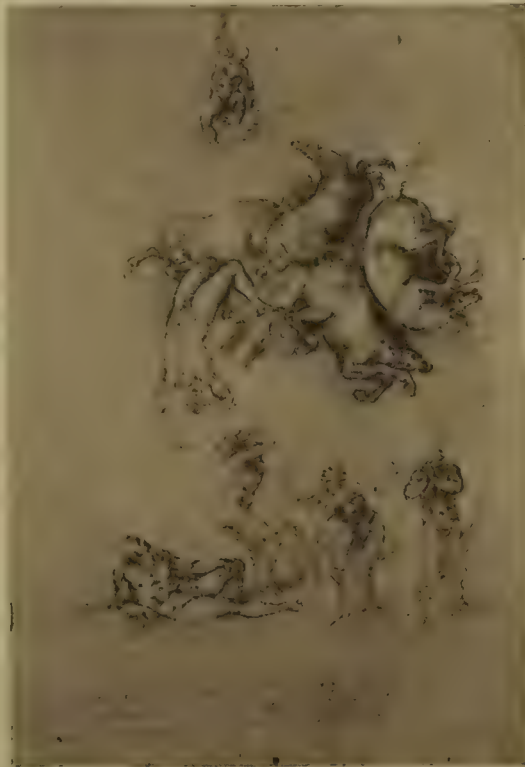
"FOUR GROTESQUE MASKS; AND HERCULES AND ANTÆUS." ABOUT 1524-5. IT MUST DATE FROM THE PERIOD WHEN THE ARTIST WAS PROPOSING TO CARVE A GROUP OF HERCULES AND ANTÆUS OR CACUS.
Black chalk and red chalk. 10 3/64 by 13 1/4 ins. British Museum.



"A YOUTH BECKONING." ABOUT 1503-4. THE POSE IS DERIVED FROM THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.
Pen and brown ink. 14 1/4 by 9 1/16 ins. British Museum.



"SEATED NUDE MAN TURNING AWAY." ABOUT 1504-5. Pen and brush in two different coloured inks heightened with white.
16 1/4 by 11 19/64 ins. British Museum.



"THE FALL OF PHÆTHON." 1533. "PRESENTATION DRAWING" MADE FOR TOMMASO DE' CAVALIERI.
Black chalk. 12 21/64 by 8 35/64 ins. British Museum.



"DRAPERY FOR A SEATED FIGURE." ABOUT 1510-2. Black chalk and pen and brown ink over brush drawing in brown. 15 1/4 by 10 15/64 ins. British Museum.

Continued.] generous; while through the kindness of Lord Leicester, Aristotile da Sangallo's copy of Michelangelo's lost cartoon "The Bathers" is on view. The "presentation sheet" made for Tommaso de' Cavalieri bears the inscription in Italian. "Messer Tomaso if you don't like this sketch tell Urbino (Michelangelo's servant), so that I can have time to make another by to-morrow evening, as I promised,

and if you do like it, and want me to finish it, send it back to me." The exhibition has been arranged in connection with the publication of the new catalogue "Italian Drawings; Michelangelo and His Studio," by Professor Johannes Wilde, a work of fundamental importance. (British Museum, £2 2s.) [Reproductions by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.]

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



NERINE, named after the water-nymph Nerine, and Lycoris, after a beautiful Roman actress, the mistress of Mark Antony. Both plants are members of the Amaryllis family.

Altogether a good start! For over twenty years I have wooed and courted *Lycoris squamigera*—the bulb—with complete lack of success. Or, rather, I wooed her for a number of years and then gave it up as a bad job. My friend Carl Krippendorf, whose wonderful woodland garden near Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., I mentioned in a recent article, sent me superb photographs of Lycoris, flowering there by the thousand. He also sent me a grand lot of Lycoris bulbs. That was a year or two after I visited his garden in 1931. I gave those bulbs every sort of treatment—short of full bog conditions—that seemed likely to please them, both in the open air and in an unheated greenhouse. They proved perfectly hardy. Severe winters in the open, without protection of any sort, did them no harm. I gave them the sort of summer drought and sun-bathing that suits Nerines so well, but they were not interested. No matter what I did or what I provided in the way of food, drink and climate, they remained always in a state of placid idleness. In the end I gave the obstinate hussies to a friend, who had no greater joy of them. What, I wonder, is the secret, the condition, that causes *Lycoris squamigera* to flower? That the bulbs are absolutely reliably winter hardy is proved by their surviving in the open, and without protection, in the savagely low temperatures that obtain in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. Probably it is the intense summer heat and sunshine of the Ohio summers that ripen the bulbs to the point of their magnificent late-summer flowering. The leaves appear in spring, and die down before the flowering season arrives. The flower-stem is about two feet high, carrying an umbel of from four to seven flowers, which are described as rose-lilac, and fragrant. Never having flowered Lycoris I am compelled to quote. But the photograph of the plant flowering in Carl Krippendorf's garden gives a wonderful idea of the plant's beauty, and its possibilities—if only we knew how to please it in this country.

Meanwhile we can console ourselves with the Nerines, both those species and varieties which demand greenhouse protection, and the ones which may be grown entirely in the open air. These last should, in fact, be grown in the open. They do better thus than under glass.

I have been experimenting for some twenty-five years with both the greenhouse and the outdoor Nerines, and have come to the conclusion that both races are much misunderstood by the majority of growers in this country. We are frequently told, both in horticultural books of the highest standing and in the horticultural press, that what, for convenience, we may call the "greenhouse" Nerines—*N. fothergillii major*, *N. sarniensis*, and all the garden hybrids of that class—must be wintered in a greenhouse from which frost is excluded. In other words, they must have a little artificial heat in winter. That, in my experience, is not so. I have grown *N. fothergillii major*, *N. "Rotherside,"* a lovely rose-pink hybrid called "Stephanie," which the late Colonel Stephenson Clark gave me, and several others, in a sunny lean-to greenhouse without any artificial heat at all. And they flower as beautifully, as freely and as regularly as anyone could wish. After flowering, they make their foliage, which is quite unharmed in the unheated greenhouse, even in the severest winters, when the soil

LYCORIS AND NERINE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

in the pots becomes frozen hard. I am convinced that these greenhouse Nerines could be grown just as well in pots in a cold frame as in a greenhouse. If gardeners realised this, far more of these lovely flowers would be grown. Quite naturally, folk are deterred by the idea of the expense and the labour of maintaining that artificial heat in winter. A frame for pot Nerines should be deep enough to give them head-room at flowering-time in September. Say a couple of feet.

For about ten years I have grown a clump of *Nerine fothergillii major* as an open-air plant, without protection. I have inflicted this ill-treatment on the plant purely as an experiment. The bulbs have lived and produced a few leaves each year, but never a single flower. I did not expect that they would. They are planted at the foot of a south wall. What they lack, and miss, is complete drying-off and sun-baking all summer to ripen the bulbs, and also the cover of glass to protect their leaves in winter. In the open air the leaves perish when they push up after

cold frame. They are best when the bulbs are left undisturbed for several years, to become crowded and pot-bound, and during the growing season they should be nourished with an occasional dose of liquid manure—just to keep up their strength. The bulbs should be planted with their bulk only half-covered by soil.

Nerine bowdenii and its superb hybrid "Hera," and "Hera's" half-brother "Aurora," are best planted in a well-drained bed of ordinary loam in a sunny position. The conventional thing is to plant them at the foot of a wall facing either south or west. But I have grown them, and still grow them, right out in the open, far from any wall, and here they do just as well as with the traditional wall backing. At the time of flowering they are in full leaf, but the severe frost cuts the leaves to the ground. About March or April the leaves push up again, and remain fresh and vigorous throughout summer. Once planted, the bulbs of *N. bowdenii* and *N. "Hera"* are best left

severely alone for many years, and the more congested they become the better they seem to flower. As with the greenhouse varieties the bulbs are best planted half in and half out of the soil, in spite of what has been written to the contrary. Planting 9 ins. deep, as has been advocated, is a big mistake.

After many years' experience I have no hesitation in saying that *Nerine bowdenii* and its hybrid "Hera" are absolutely hardy in the open in this country. The first bulbs of *bowdenii* that I ever grew came to me, thirty-five years ago, from a garden near Sheffield, where they had flourished unprotected in the open for long enough to become a congested mass. Later I acquired bulbs of the greatly superior variety *N. bowdenii* Fenwick's variety, which has larger heads of deeper pink flowers than the old type. Later still I was given a bulb of *N. "Hera,"* which was so finely figured in colour in *The Illustrated London News* (August 15, 1950). From what I can gather from correspondents in America, and from consulting American nursery catalogues, the Nerines appear to be very little known and grown in the U.S.A., which is surprising, for they are supremely beautiful as cut flowers, and my recollection of cut flowers in America is one of the greatest admiration. To grow what I have called greenhouse varieties, it might perhaps be necessary in the colder

eastern States to give them a little artificial heat, just to exclude frost. In the warmer States they could almost certainly be grown without heat, though protection from rain in the summer resting season might be necessary. But it is *Nerine bowdenii* Fenwick's variety, and above all the magnificent hybrid "Hera," with its long stems and great heads of brilliantly rich, warm pink or cherry-red blossoms, that should be best worth experiment in the many and varied climatic conditions of the U.S.A. It took me some years before I could screw up my courage and plant "Hera" out in the open. But once out it flourished and flowered and increased far, far better than ever it did in the greenhouse. But after that experience I would

not be surprised to learn that the inimitable "Hera" had survived a similar test and ordeal, even in the colder eastern States. Maybe a little dry litter in winter might help, or maybe "Hera" would be found to resent such coddling.

Of one thing I feel certain, there are many climates in the U.S.A. in which *Nerine bowdenii* and *N. "Hera"* might, and no doubt will, be planted, in rich and beautiful drifts, to become naturalised in lovely surroundings as Lycoris has done in Mr. Krippendorf's garden.



FLOWERING BY THE THOUSAND IN THE WONDERFUL WOODLAND GARDEN OF MR. CARL KRIPPENDORF, NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.: *LYCORIS SQUAMIGERA* NATURALISED UNDER THE TREES. "THE FLOWER-STEM IS ABOUT 2 FT. HIGH, CARRYING AN UMBEL OF FROM FOUR TO SEVEN FLOWERS, WHICH ARE DESCRIBED AS ROSE-LILAC, AND FRAGRANT." MR. ELLIOTT HAS FOUND THIS BULB PERFECTLY HARDY IN ENGLAND, BUT STEADILY REFUSING TO FLOWER. THE PHOTOGRAPH, HE SAYS, "GIVES A WONDERFUL IDEA OF THE PLANT'S BEAUTY, AND ITS POSSIBILITIES—IF ONLY WE KNEW HOW TO PLEASE IT IN THIS COUNTRY."

the flowers are over. In the unheated greenhouse they take no harm despite the cold there.

The habits of the two races of Nerine—the greenhouse varieties and the outdoor ones—that is, *Nerine bowdenii* and its hybrids—are quite distinct. The greenhouse varieties flower, leafless, in autumn, and after the flowers are over, the annual crop of leaves is produced. Later, towards the end of spring, the leaves turn yellow and finally disappear. From then until the flower buds begin to move in late summer, the plants must be kept bone-dry and exposed to every scrap of sun that the summer may provide. This is done under glass. The pots may be laid on their sides either on a shelf in the greenhouse or in a

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT AT NO EXTRA COST TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30.

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PRINCESS MARGARET IN YORKSHIRE: EVENTS OF A TWO-DAY ROYAL VISIT.



(ABOVE.) AT THE NORTH DOOR OF ROTHERHAM PARISH CHURCH, UNSEALED AFTER 100 YEARS: PRINCESS MARGARET RECEIVING A BOUQUET. THE MAYOR OF ROTHERHAM IS ON THE LEFT.



(ABOVE.) AFTER OPENING THE ROWLINSON SECONDARY TECHNICAL SCHOOL, NORTON, SHEFFIELD: PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD, TALKING TO THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE CADET SUPERINTENDENT.

PRINCESS MARGARET was the guest of the Earl and Countess of Scarborough last week-end at Sandbeck Park, Rotherham, and during her two-days stay she visited three towns and carried out several engagements in Yorkshire. On April 18 she opened the Rowlinson Secondary Technical School at Norton, Sheffield; and in an admirable speech, pointed out that leadership and

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) ROTHERHAM'S GREAT WELCOME TO PRINCESS MARGARET: THE CAR IN WHICH HER ROYAL HIGHNESS TRAVELLED WAS SURROUNDED BY HUGE CROWDS, CHEERING AND WAVING FLAGS.



Continued.] training of character were as important in industry as technical skill. She also visited Rotherham, where she attended a service at the ancient parish church to commemorate the Borough's fiftieth anniversary. On this occasion the north door of the church, sealed for over a century, was opened for her Royal Highness to pass through. On April 19 she drove over from Sandbeck Park to attend matins at Huddersfield Parish Church, her visit being in connection with the appeal for the restoration of the tower; and was received by the Mayor and Mayoress of Huddersfield.



INSPECTING THE DEPOT BATTALION, THE YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT FROM PONTEFRACT: PRINCESS MARGARET AT ROTHERHAM.



ARRIVING AT HUDDERSFIELD PARISH CHURCH FOR MATINS ON APRIL 19: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS RECEIVED BY THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF HUDDERSFIELD.

NEWLY-FOUND AND VIVID MOSAICS FROM SULTANTEPE AND AYAŞ:

A ROMAN BATH AND A PARADISE OF ANIMALS EXCAVATED IN SOUTHERN TURKEY.

By MICHAEL R. E. GOUGH (of the Department of Classical Archaeology, the University of Edinburgh).

DURING May and June 1951 an Anglo-Turkish expedition, led by Mr. Seton Lloyd, Director of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, and Bay Nuri Gökçe, Director of the Hittite Museum at Ankara, carried out excavations at Sultantepe, near Urfa, in southern Turkey, which resulted in the uncovering of an Assyrian temple and several hundreds of inscribed tablets of the greatest historical and literary interest (see *The Illustrated London News*, February 21, 1953).

At the same time, other members of the expedition excavated a bath in the Roman settlement at the foot of the mound to the south (Fig. 1). Although nothing remained of the building above ground-level, the main hall was found to have had a fine mosaic pavement, decorated over its entire surface with geometric patterns. At the northern end of the pavement, in a *tabula ansata*, was a five-line inscription in hexameters (Figs. 1 and 2), of which only one or two letters were missing at the beginning of each line. In this inscription, the bath itself addresses the visitor, and the last line, which reads: "by the good offices of Isæus I recaptured my youth," suggests that it was rebuilt or restored in antiquity. Some walls, found to the west of the main hall and set obliquely to its axis, probably belonged to the earlier building.

To judge from the presence, to the south-east of the large mosaic pavement, of deeply-sunk, evenly-spaced blocks, which might have acted as column foundations, there was probably an open portico on this side which gave access to a large cold plunge with a white tessellated floor. At the north-east corner was a lavatory, while in the centre of the north end (just above the inscription) was a semi-circular plunge with a tiled floor. The stone plug of its drain was still in position. North and north-west were two hot rooms, both of which had had mosaic floors with geometric patterns. These floors had, however, been destroyed, and the walls of further rooms on the west side could only be followed as trenches made in antiquity by stone robbers. The bases of a few hypocaust pillars still survived.

The mosaic floor of the main hall resembled a richly-decorated carpet. Its original area was 41 ft. 8 ins. by 18 ft. 4½ ins. (12.70 by 5.60 metres), of which rather over a half survived in 1951. The design of the mosaic was of regular diamonds in black outline on a pink field. Each diamond had a four-petalled rosette at its centre, and a single petal at each of its four angles, and was framed and separated from its neighbours by bands of alternately dark and light pink chevrons. The border was particularly rich. The most important elements were a black wave pattern (nearest to the main field), a blue-grey and white strip of crowstep between two straight white bands with multi-coloured borders, and a handsome guilloche with strands of yellow, pink and blue, outlined in black on a white ground. Outside the guilloche, the pattern consisted of blue outline diamonds, each with an internal square in either blue and pink or in blue and yellow.

There has been some difficulty in dating this mosaic, as the evidence of small finds was inconclusive. The border patterns, of a type common over the Roman world for centuries, offer no clue. The rosettes in the main design, however, have close parallels at Antioch in the House of the Biblical Quotation and the Mosaic of Ananeosis, both of them dated to the first half of the fifth century A.D. The Sultantepe mosaic may well belong to the previous century, however, for the excellent lettering of the inscription and its uncompromisingly pagan content can not be ignored. Certain abbreviation marks, it is true, are normally characteristic of the fifth and sixth centuries, but their earlier use is by no means unknown.

That Sultantepe marks the site of an important and wealthy Roman settlement is proved by about 20 ft. (6 metres) of occupational debris at the top of the mound no less than by the extensive remains, including the bath building, at its foot. Sultantepe dominates the southern approach to Urfa (ancient Edessa), and it is likely that a town grew up around a garrison quartered there. The culture of this region in the fourth and fifth centuries would have been Christian and, presumably, Sabian also; but it is quite natural that the old Classical motifs predominate in



FIG. 1. UNDER THE SLOPE OF THE GREAT MOUND OF SULTANTEPE: PART OF THE ROMAN BATH RECENTLY DISCOVERED, SHOWING THE MOSAIC INSCRIPTION (SEE ALSO FIG. 2) AND THE SEMI-CIRCULAR APSE, WHICH STILL PRESERVES ITS ORIGINAL DRAIN AND PLUG.



FIG. 2. A CLOSE-UP OF THE MOSAIC GREEK INSCRIPTION RECORDING THE RESTORATION OF THE SULTANTEPE ROMAN BATH, PROBABLY IN THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN (LEFT) A SEMI-CIRCULAR PLUNGE AND (RIGHT) A SMALL LAVATORY. IN THE FOREGROUND THE CARPET-PATTERNED MOSAIC.



FIG. 3. IN A CHRISTIAN CHURCH BUILT OVER A PAGAN TEMPLE: THE APSE AT AYAŞ, SHOWING HOW THE CURVE HAD BEEN CUT OUT OF THE DRUM OF AN EARLIER PILLAR. IN THE FOREGROUND, PART OF THE PARADISE MOSAIC, WHICH IS FULLY ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

the bath mosaic. They had long been international, with only minor and local variations in treatment, as can, for example, be seen in the case of the crude bead and reel framing a second-century Sabian mosaic from one of the rock-cut tombs at Urfa (Colour Supplement, *The Illustrated London News*, February 21, 1953).

If the influence of the Antiochene school reached out beyond the Euphrates, it is not surprising to find it, so much nearer home, in Western Cilicia.

During 1952, in the course of work undertaken, on behalf of the University of Edinburgh, at Ayaş (ancient Elæusa), a mosaic covering the floor of the bema and apse of an early Christian church was brought to light (Figs. 3 and 9). This remarkable church was built over the remains of a pagan temple of

perhaps the first century B.C., and the masonry used in its construction was nearly all taken from the older building. The late Professor Adolf Wilhelm and Professor Josef Keil published a ground plan of both temple and church after a visit to Ayaş in 1925; but they did not record the mosaic, since it was then covered by earth and debris.

The theme of this mosaic is the ever-popular *paradeisos*, the ancient version of a zoological garden. The *paradeisos* seems to have derived ultimately from representations of the myth of Orpheus charming the birds and beasts with his song. This myth was very popular with mosaic artists in pagan times, and a good example from The Barton, Cirencester Park, is now to be seen in the Corinium Museum. The popularity of the subject survived and, with certain alterations, it was found acceptable by early Christian iconographers.

So far, two-thirds of the total area of the Ayaş mosaic has been cleared. Apart from a large break at the northern end of the bema, and another in the centre of the apse, it is in very sound condition. The bema is decorated with two bands of animals, birds and flowers. The larger animals, a leopard (Fig. 5), a bull and a bear (Fig. 4), use the border pattern as an approximate base-line, while a hunting dog (Fig. 6), a hare and a duck (Fig. 7) form the upper band. In an intermediate position, in front of the leopard, is a bird with long neck and legs, perhaps a bustard. In the apse are two eagles (Fig. 10), a fish (Fig. 8) and small birds (very badly preserved) of the partridge type (*heklík*?).

(Continued opposite.)

A PARADISE OF ANIMALS: A MOSAIC "ZOO" FROM AN EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN SOUTHERN TURKEY.

Continued.
The colours used are subdued shades of blue, grey, pink, yellow and brown. There is also a bright red for the mouths of animals, and for the beaks and legs of some birds, while a light sky-blue also occurs fairly frequently, notably in the plumage of the duck above the bear. The colouring is not generally naturalistic, though that of the bull, in varying shades of brown, is most appropriate. Very artificial are the blue and bright red spots of the leopard on a

[Continued below.]



FIG. 4. A BEAR IN VARYING SHADES OF GREY, WITH TOUCHES OF RED AT THE EYE AND JAWS: A DETAIL FROM THE ANIMAL MOSAIC AT AYAS. THE MOSAIC BACKGROUND IS WHITE.



FIG. 5. THE LEOPARD AND BUSTARD: THE LEOPARD IS OUTLINED IN BLUE-GREY AND HAS RED AND BLUE SPOTS ON A PALE GROUND, THE MUZZLE AND JAWS BEING RED AND PINK.

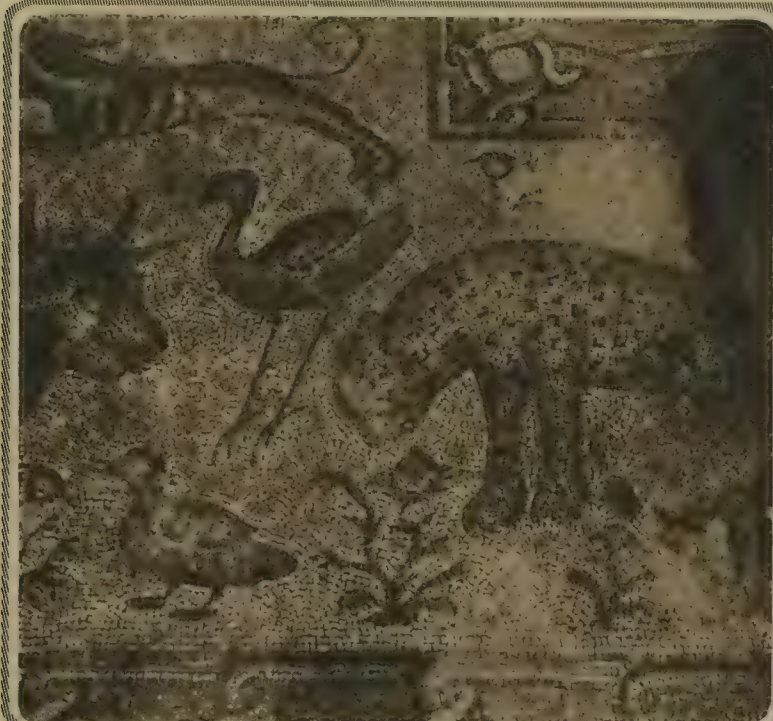


FIG. 6. THE SOUTHERN END OF THE AYAS BESTIARY MOSAIC, SHOWING THE LEOPARD, THE BUSTARD, THE BULL, THE HUNTING DOG AND A DUCK, WITH FLOWERS INTERSPERSED, AND AN ELABORATE BORDER, UPPER RIGHT.

Continued.
pale background. The border, which runs uninterruptedly round both *bema* and apse, consists of a running cable design linking alternate squares and circles. The strands of the cable are blue, red, pink, white and grey, while the squares and circles are filled in yellow and white respectively. The white background of the whole floor is in a scale pattern particularly suitable for outlining the various birds, beasts and flowers in the design. The central panel of the apse mosaic, which might be expected to have contained a particularly important picture or perhaps an inscription, is unfortunately missing, and only the corners of the frame are still to be seen. As the church does not appear to have

[Continued above, centre.]

Continued.
suffered sudden, violent destruction, but rather to have fallen gradually into decay, the disappearance of this centre panel is rather mysterious. It may have been removed when a semi-circle of roughly-cut stones was constructed at the eastern end of the apse. The Ayas mosaic probably dates from the late fifth or early sixth century. The "pattern book" style of the animals finds a near parallel in the Martyrion at Seleucia, near Antioch. The Ayas animals are, however, considerably less "wooden." An almost exact replica of the border pattern is to be seen at the so-called House of the Buffet Supper at Antioch itself. The scale pattern of the background, though examples of its early use are found at Pompeii, is most commonly found at Antioch in the period suggested for the Ayas mosaic. If the influence of

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 7. IN FRONT OF THE BROKEN MOSAIC OF THE APSE: THE BEAR (SEE FIG. 4), A RUNNING HARE, A DUCK; AND, IN THE TOP LEFT, ONE OF THE TWO EAGLES.

Continued.
Antioch may be seen in some of the formal motifs at Sultantepe, it is much more striking in the case of the Ayas *paradeisos*. We seem to see it reflected, too, as far afield as Constantinople, in the mosaics from the Palace of the Byzantine Emperors. Though these magnificent mosaics are more imaginative in design, more brilliant in execution than any surviving example from Antioch, and certainly than that at Ayas, it is essentially a single spirit which animates the work in the Byzantine capital, in Syria, and in the small Cilician city.

(My thanks are due to Mr. Seton Lloyd, Director of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, for the permission to publish his photographs of the Sultantepe bath and mosaic.)



FIG. 8. A DETAIL FROM THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE APSE, SHOWING A FISH. THE SCALE PATTERN OF THE BACKGROUND IS A FEATURE OF LATE ANTIOCHENE MOSAICS.

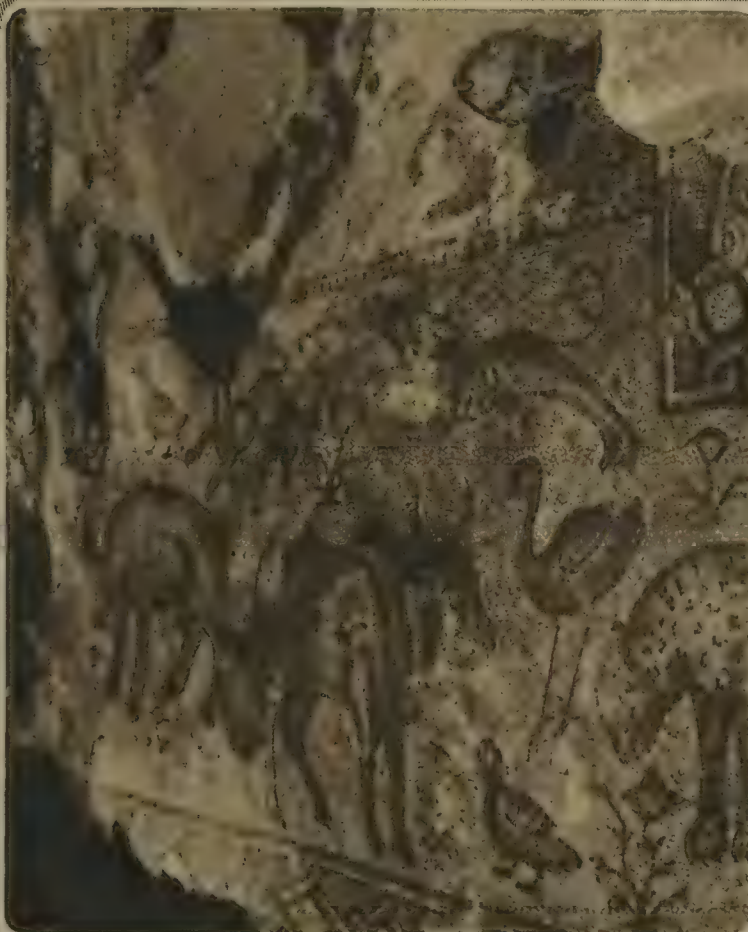


FIG. 9. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAIN MOSAIC AT AYAS, DURING CLEARANCE: THIS "BESTIARY" THEME, HERE EXECUTED IN SUBDUED SHADES OF BLUE, GREY, PINK, YELLOW AND BROWN, IS BASICALLY A DEVELOPMENT OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND THE WILD BEASTS.



FIG. 10. A FINE EAGLE FROM THE MOSAIC, UNFORTUNATELY HEADLESS. THE BODY IS IN VARYING GREYS WITH WHITE, THE WINGS CHOCOLATE AND PINK NEAR THE BODY.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WANDERING STARS.

By J. C. TREWIN

"HERE choose I," said Bassanio, as he looked at the leaden casket. "Joy be the consequence!" That has been echoed often by some "star" player, mind made up at last after long indecision over many scripts. But the casket is not always the right one—or shall we say that the lead is

was broadcast. I listened eagerly, one of nine million listeners, according to B.B.C. Audience Research. Certainly something had happened in this "wide gap of time, since first we were dissever'd," as a Shakespearean king observes. Lengths of the dialogue were 'hard to take. Still, for all that, the "Jew"

pushed along at speed and with Donald Wolfit's driving attack to carry it, seemed still to be in commission. We set it down as useful period flamboyance, sighed a little and again forgot it. The part was a romantic actor's show-piece. Then why question further?

We have had to question further, for Mr. Wolfit has brought back the play to the stage. Old illusions have fled. I have read the text, and I realise that at Hammersmith we mourn an empty shell. Where is the high blazonry? Gone. Could it ever have been there? No need to explore the theme of the play, as some of my colleagues have done. That was

always an imaginative idea botched. It is the dialogue that distresses us now, when we hear it with other ears; dialogue that, in the middle 'twenties, would stream its banners proudly through an auditorium of theatrical gilt-and-plush.

Mr. Wolfit, as an actor, has the Atlas-quality. He can hold a play on his shoulders, and he and a gallant cast do their best for this, for the episodic anecdotes about the Jew who spat upon Christ, who heard the word, "Thou shalt wait for me until I come to thee again," and who appears—at various stages of time—in Antioch and in Palermo before finding at length the light of his "great deliverance" at an auto-da-fé in Seville of the Inquisition.

Temple Thurston's prose, when we read it in the study or hear it in the theatre (where there are long intervals for reflection) now sounds fussily delirious. In the distant past we had imagined that the dramatist was enjoying himself. But as we reflect, a week after the revival, it is plain that he wrote in a high fever: the kind of fever in which "poetic" prose merges with bad blank verse. Almost the first lines are: "Does the fever burn again?"—"So fiercely that my eyes seem swollen in my head and all I look at turns to flame." The prose in this piece is undeniably swollen. Let me quote only two passages to show the Thurston method. One:

"What soul have I," you said. Indeed! What soul! And what soul ever will you have in all the age of time who only knew the hunger of the beasts? And I had thought you brave to play at hazard in the lists with Death.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WANDERING JEW" (King's, Hammersmith).—The play wanders too. Mr. Wolfit has done his best for something that is now a curio. (April 6.)

"THE TEDDY BEAR" (St. Martin's).—A thriller that lost its way. (April 6.)

"VENEZIANA" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—The splendour of Venice "of joy the sojourn" held for a moment in this brief ballet. Violetta Elvin is a dancer of unforgettable poise. (April 9.)

"THE DOCTOR IN BEAN STREET" (Embassy).—Or what the G.P. does in Soho. Stephen Murray's generous performance in a play by Max Catto. (April 9.)

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Players).—Sandy Wilson's joke at the expense of musical comedy in the 'twenties. In its way, simply ripping. (April 14.)

"DANGEROUS CURVES" (Garrick).—Cheyney-Callaghan in Park Lane: a night for the unsophisticated. (April 14.)

And another:

But love is love and gives with both its hands, nor hides nor cheats itself to hold aught back.

As Hamlet said, but with another application, "That would be scanned." Perhaps the best comment on the whole play, though I feel traitorous to utter it after all these years, is simply Bunthorne's "Oh! hollow! hollow! hollow!" Very briefly, sentiment aside, we have yet another example of the fine actor's attraction to the wrong play. Mr. Wolfit has given so much to us that it may be ungrateful to protest. But I cannot think now what the actor of *Œdipus* and *Lear* can find in the protestations of Matathias.

For that matter—and I must be peevish this week—I cannot conceive why "The Teddy Bear" (St. Martin's) was produced, or what Roger Livesey saw in the leading part. James Warren's play is a languishing "thriller": its people are dummies stuffed like the child's teddy-bear about which there is so much fuss. It is an involved business of jewel-smuggling and murder. The thriller-material is pasted upon what may or may not be a true picture of coastal-bungalow life in Sussex; unhappily, the plot prevents us from taking the characters as seriously as no doubt we should. Roger Livesey, as an amiable shady fellow with a mild talent for conjuring, for a song or two, and an amateur production or two, has a part that all his charm cannot endear to us. Two children (endangered by a faulty gas fire) act very well; but I am afraid that in this piece more than the fire is at fault. Joy may be the consequence; it is doubtful.

We found it easier to see why the Embassy should have chosen "The Doctor in Bean Street," and why Stephen Murray should have acted in it. This is a sympathetic, if slow-developing, story of a general practitioner and his odd Soho practice. No great shakes, maybe; but the part has something for Mr. Murray to get his teeth into, as another—and rather different—actor, James Telfer, said on a notable occasion.

Sir Max Beerbohm would dislike these quotations. Here, then, is the last: "The pleasant place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!" The author, Byron; his subject, Venice. I remembered it during the short ballet, "Veneziana," at Covent



"TWO CHILDREN (ENDANGERED BY A FAULTY GAS FIRE) ACT VERY WELL; BUT I AM AFRAID THAT IN THIS PIECE MORE THAN THE FIRE IS AT FAULT": "THE TEDDY BEAR" (ST. MARTIN'S) SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY JAMES WARREN WITH (L. TO R.) DET. SGT. JIMMY BLAKE (ARNOLD BELL); CHARLIE DELANEY (ROGER LIVESY); SONIA MARTEN (MARGARET MCCOURT); DR. SCOTT (DOUGLAS MUIR) AND JOHN MARTEN (THOMAS MOORE).

lead indeed? Actors have a curious trick of praising the bad play with the showy part, a part that they may or may not transform. Max Beerbohm, in "Around Theatres," just republished, has a famous attack on that mild affair, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." "Well," he wrote, "I suppose blasphemy pays." This piece was the major success of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's last years on the stage. He would not have chosen it if he did not believe in it—and, believing, he transformed.

I thought of this while looking at the King's, Hammersmith, playbill the other night. "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Œdipus," "The Wandering Jew." One has to pause at the last title and lift an eyebrow, perhaps a trifle superciliously. Why "The Wandering Jew," sandwiched here among the great tragedies of the world? It would be as apt to put "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" with "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But Donald Wolfit has included the Jew in his repertory; and the simplest explanation, maybe, is a line from the cast-list of Matheson Lang's revival of the play at the New Theatre during November 1924: "Phirous . . . Donald Wolfit."

Phirous is a man-at-arms who guards the Unknown Knight's tent at Antioch in the period of the First Crusade. He has four lines and handles an Oriental scimitar. Not much chance there. It is reasonable that, nearly thirty years on, the actor who played Phirous—his first work in London—should welcome the chance of appearing himself as the Unknown Knight (the Jew), a part Matheson Lang created at a time when the dramatist's showy tinsel had not frayed.

That, then, is one reason for the revival. Yet it is hardly enough. Temple Thurston's dialogue, as it comes through to us now at Hammersmith, is often deplorable. What could have persuaded Mr. Wolfit that it would wear? What indeed? Embarrassed, I hurry on. In early years as a playgoer I saw the "Jew" three or four times. It seemed then to have some high-romantic gloss. Clearly it was not to be examined too closely. Few persons troubled to probe it. Enough to have the amiable tushery and the ringing names: Jerusalem, Antioch, Palermo, Seville; Boemond, Prince of Tarentum; Godfrey, Duke of Normandy. Very well, then; call it child's play in the vein of "The Talisman," or (who knows it now?) of "Phra the Phoenician."

Years passed, and the "Jew" was forgotten. Unexpectedly, last autumn, it



"THIS IS A SYMPATHETIC, IF SLOW-DEVELOPING, STORY OF A GENERAL PRACTITIONER AND HIS ODD SOHO PRACTICE": "THE DOCTOR IN BEAN STREET" (EMBASSY), A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY MAX CATTO SHOWING "DOC" DOCTOR STEVEN SAUNDERS (STEPHEN MURRAY) AND DANNY (COLIN CAMPBELL) IN THE BOMBED WAREHOUSE.

Garden, which is simply the spirit of romantic Venice caught in the dance. The ballet, Andrée Howard's to Donizetti's music, is beautifully set (by the late Sophie Fedorovitch) against the dark depths of sky and lagoon; and Violetta Elvin's proud bearing dominates the night. There should be no doubts about this. Here (I hope) choose we all.

WORLD EVENTS AND NOTABLE NEWS OF TO-DAY: A MISCELLANY FROM HOME AND DISTANT LANDS.



THE INAUGURATION OF B.E.A.'S FIRST REGULAR PASSENGER SERVICE BY BRITISH PROPELLER-TURBINE AIRLINER; THE VICKERS *VISCOUNT*, A HELICOPTER AND A STAGE COACH, SYMBOLISING THREE FORMS OF TRANSPORT. On April 18 a Vickers *Viscount* took off from London Airport for Cyprus, Rome and Athens to inaugurate the first B.E.A. regular passenger service by propeller-turbine airliner. It was arranged that some passengers should arrive by stage coach, and Mr. Peter Masefield, chief B.E.A. executive, and Mr. George Edwards, designer of the *Viscount*, came by helicopter to see them leave.



MOUNTED ON HIS NEW PONY, *CADOGAN STRAWBERRY*: THE EMIR HASSAN, YOUNGER BROTHER OF KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN. The Emir Hassan, younger brother of King Hussein of Jordan, now owns a beautiful pony, *Cadogan Strawberry*, which was flown out from this country to Jordan for his sixth birthday. It was purchased from Mr. Horace Smith, the well-known English breeder, and was exhibited at last year's Royal Richmond Horse Show. Our photograph shows the Emir Hassan at the Arab Legion stables at Zerqa.



MAKING A SPEECH, DURING WHICH TWO BOMBS EXPLODED, FROM THE BALCONY OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE: GENERAL PERON, WHO CONTINUED SPEAKING AFTER A PAUSE.

Two bombs exploded on April 15 while a large crowd listened to a speech by President Peron from the balcony of Government House, in Buenos Aires. After the bomb incidents General Peron urged workers to take the law into their own hands and hang profiteers on trees and lamp-posts. Towards the end of his speech, however, the President moderated his tone. A few hours after the speech, a wave of pillage and arson left a number of Buenos Aires landmarks in ruins.



THE LARGEST SHIP EVER BUILT FOR GREECE: THE NEW 23,000-TON FLAGSHIP OF THE GREEK LINE LAUNCHED ON APRIL 16.

On April 16 Miss Cassandra Goulandris launched No. 636, the new 23,000-ton flagship of the Greek Line, and the largest ship ever built for Greece. She is designed to carry 138 first-class passengers in the greatest luxury, and 1150 tourist-class passengers, and will offer at low tourist rates all the luxury which travellers are accustomed to associate with the first class of the well-known transatlantic liners. No. 636 will commence her Southampton-New York run in September.



TO BE OPENED BY H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ON MAY 4: ST. MARY'S RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR 150 WOMEN, DURHAM UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS COMPLETED LAST YEAR.

On May 4 H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has graciously consented to open St. Mary's Residential College, Durham University. Mr. E. Vincent Harris, R.A., was the architect of this fine building, which accommodates 150 women students, who went into residence last October. Each girl has her own bed-sitting-room and on every floor is a small pantry for tea-making and so forth, a laundry room and an ironing room.



BLASTED BY THE SECOND BOMB EXPLOSION DURING PRESIDENT PERON'S SPEECH: A SUBWAY STATION BENEATH THE PLAZA DEL MAYO, IN BUENOS AIRES.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN general, either the consciously "symbolic" is one's cup of tea—or it is rather definitely not. In my case not. To me it seems at once pretentious and distracting: a vaunt of esoteric truth, gilding the rather futile interest of a crossword puzzle. And so "The Fire-Raisers," by Marris Murray (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), offered me little in advance. It is symbolic, even to the name. It is about the plight of Africa, the modern world, and finally the human spirit. Its people obviously "stand for" something—what, is in some cases obscure. And, to crown all, their doings have a strong element of the fantastic. One goes round with a pocketful of ticks, spreading disease. One manufactures robots, as an insult to the human race. A third is wrapped up in dissecting animals, because he thinks proportion is the key to life. Old Mrs. Harding, seeking her lost teeth on the mountain-side when the south-easter blows, is more naively crazed, but no less patently symbolic. And what of Christoffel, the dowser, "floating and dragging" through the bush, with his divining-twig and his all-seeing eye—is Christoffel a merely human figure?

Yes, it does sound rather pretentious. All the same, it has a crystal visibility and an intense reality of feeling. The background is a dead-end valley in South Africa, cut off by mountains and the sea, peopled by coloured fishermen and peasants, and by a small community of whites, all hard up or dissatisfied, or both. Only at Helderlagen there are "limpid days." Jacob, the owner, would be contented to live on and on. He is a scientist, wholly absorbed in the phenomenal, untouched by mass anxieties and feuds, stable and independent as a tower. But he has reached the end of growth; like Helderlagen, he is drawing on borrowed time. And Etienne, his adopted son, feels growth to be impossible, and his own nature a misfire.

Then the events begin. Jacob has brought an unknown and deserted girl to have her child under their roof. And in the eight months of her pregnancy, all seeds are ripening together. At this time Hemper, the dissection fiend, orders a robot baby for his wife. Jacob's black, happy and devoted houseboy is ensnared by Communists. Jacob is plunged into a dark night of the soul, while Etienne begins to live. The genial Gregory, stroking his "bad heart" and his dream of power, moves through the valley like a plague. And then the hot gales blow; and on a moonless night, four persons fire the bush at the same time.

Really it is a moving picture-book; scene follows lucid scene, all wonderfully concrete, all of enchanting beauty. The light, the colours, and the weather can be almost felt. With such a background, one might expect the story to look pale; but here they are completely integrated.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Slave Ship," by Bruno E. Werner (Heinemann; 15s.), deals with a vaster fire-raising. It has been described as "the first post-war German novel of substantial merit." If so, novel is not the operative word, for there it just gets by. Even its quality is hard to judge; it might not stand up to re-reading. But at first go, it has a truly shattering appeal; it closes right over one's head.

Georg Forster is an art critic on the *Berliner Journal*: a youngish man, kind, cultured, unremarkable, well-meaning. This is the story of his Hitler years, and more especially the war years. In 1933, like nearly all his friends, he is dumbfounded. They are all anti-Nazi; they have regarded Hitler as a freak. Some of them give the new régime three months. Those who suspect, like Georg, that it has come to stay wonder if decent men ought now to join the Party and dilute it. No other remedy occurs to them; and Georg finds that impossible, after the Reichstag fire. So, like the rest, he settles down to a bad job.

All this is just a prelude to the war. Georg is not drafted; his work has "cultural importance." He merely stays on in Berlin—and shuttles back and forth to Dresden, where he has sent his wife. He just goes through the bombing, and longs for Germany's defeat. It doesn't sound much of a rôle, or, for that matter, of a story; but here lies the devouring interest of the book. I don't think "grim reality" is the right word; these scenes are overwhelmingly pathetic. "Grim" I should save up for the end, for his last view of Dresden, at the eleventh hour.

"Vanity Row," by W. R. Burnett (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), might be called grim in its own sphere. It is the author's usual brand of social thriller, set in a Mid-Western city, with its wet pavements and bright lights, and inner structure of intrigue and crime.

Roy Hargis, though officially a police captain, is really the Administration's man, dealing with touchy cases from their point of view, which is uniquely to remain in power. He is a man of system, a tough, impervious careerist. Now Chad, the "boss," has a new job for him; a well-known millionaire and lawyer has just been shot dead in the street. Though, incidentally, he was the boss's dearest friend, what Chad demands is a red herring. And one immediately turns up: a big, dark lovely from the super-night-world of Vanity Row. She has a lurid past; she starts a riot of publicity; and by great luck, she may have done it. But then the inconceivable occurs; the man of system is bowled over. Now he must go into reverse, wreck his career—and more than probably in vain. It is a soulless and depressing picture, not much relieved by something of a happy ending.

"Good Luck to the Corpse," by Max Murray (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), offers us carefree crime. Julian, an oil man from the jungle outposts, is leaving his small son in Nice, under the care of Mr. Whitecliffe, who works as part-time tutor in a language school. He has been warned that there is trouble at the school, and that the old man is a broken reed. But he is not deterred, and is about to start for Persia, when the police haul him back. Old Mr. Whitecliffe has just walked into the casino, won a fantastic sum, and then dropped dead. However, it was not joy that killed him; and his stake was counterfeit. The suspects are all-British, and abound in charm; they also tamper with the evidence, deceive the police, and generally darken counsel. Besides which there are love-involvements, and a Burmese past. The style is dexterous and gay.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OUR STATE OF SERVITUDE.

"THE modern State," writes Sir Ernest Benn, in "The State the Enemy" (Ernest Benn; 12s. 6d.), "has no traditions, no history, no standards of conduct. As recently as forty years ago it was unthinkable that the machinery of government could be used to fix the price of rhubarb, to put rabbits into cold store, dole out three-year-dead pigmeat, or ordain that the value of a dollar was a fiction propounded by an Order in Council." This, and much good, pungent writing like it, hammers home the much-needed reminder that our present state of servitude is not part of the natural law. There was once a time when it was not. But that time, as Sir Ernest points out in another passage, is becoming frighteningly remote, since a "boy who was seventeen in 1914 will not have picked up any lasting impression of freedom to trade. A girl of seventeen can hardly

have been expected to notice that in the company of her parents, she roamed about the world at her pleasure, unencumbered by anything in the nature of a passport." "It comes, therefore," he concludes, "to this: in discussing control or no control only the old people amongst us are able to bring personal experience of both systems to help decide which may be best." I think it was Mr. Hilaire Belloc—whose "Servile State" Sir Ernest might have quoted just as extensively and appositely as Herbert Spencer's "The Coming Slavery"—who told us that slavery, not freedom, was the natural state of mankind, from the purely historical point of view. In Russia and in Central and Eastern Asia there are teeming millions of people who have no memory whatever, either individual or racial, of any state except that of slavery, while here in Western Europe the flame which our fathers lit so proudly is fast flickering to extinction. The picture is a sombre one, and we must be grateful to such men of letters and of affairs as Sir Ernest Benn who will paint it for us in its true colours. But I closed this challenging little book with a sense of disappointment. Neither Sir Ernest Benn, nor, so far as I am aware, any of those who think and feel with him, has attempted to show us the way back. He admits, in one of his essays, that it was necessary to remove wartime controls slowly, but I nowhere found a sufficient recognition of the fact that the war cost Britain all her capital assets and overseas investments—surely a relevant factor in our present plight? In spite of all this—in spite of our poverty, our over-population, our inflated standard of living, nationalisation, the Welfare State; the mental and moral creeping paralysis by which we seem to be, as a nation, afflicted—surely there must be some practical means of reclaiming our rights, our liberties—and our responsibilities, with which the former are inseparably bound up? Sir Ernest has not told us what it is.

There is no more curious period in the history of French religious and philosophical thought than the Jansenist age of the mid-sixteenth century, that sudden outburst of Puritanism and "enthusiasm" which centred round the convent of Port-Royal, and caused violent controversy, the effects of which are still observable to-day. Into this controversy was drawn Blaise Pascal; that famous enigmatic figure whose "Pensées" have delighted Christians of all denominations, and are yet more often quoted than read. Was Pascal a Jansenist, or was he not? He certainly drew away from Port-Royal, but did he do so because he wished to dissociate himself from Jansenism, or because he was more intransigent than Port-Royal itself? He has been, as Mgr. Knox says in his foreword, "alternatively whitewashed by Jansenist and by orthodox admirers." There will always be a problem, and his latest biographer, M. Mesnard—"Pascal" (The Harvill Press; 18s.)—states that problem clearly without attempting to draw a final conclusion. He does, however, present a unified picture of his subject's personality and of his work, both typical of the great French age of Louis XIII. and Corneille.

I am not, I confess, an eager historian of feminism, and I was much surprised to learn from Miss Janet Dunbar, in "The Early Victorian Woman" (Harrap; 15s.), that the tide had, in effect, turned by the 'sixties of the last century. But I had not read very far in Miss Dunbar's charming and informative work before I began to understand that I had never had any very clear impression of what the early Victorian woman had to put up with. This book is full of the more pleasing absurdities of the period, including a lithograph of Prince Albert and the young Queen skating at Frogmore, the Prince conscientiously attired in top-hat and the Star of the Garter. And from so much that is quotable I choose this gem from "The Ladies' Pocket Book of Etiquette" (1840): "The popularity of the waltz can be attributed to the iniquity which pervaded high places at the time of its introduction. At that time, there being no Queen, the morals of the Court became corrupt; the strict propriety, for which the Court of Queen Charlotte was so celebrated, disappeared during the reign of her son, and the place of the matrons of the best of our nobility became vacant, to admit the titled courtesan and parasite. This, then, was the time and the season for the introduction of the

waltz... the most degenerating dance that the last or present century have seen. It is, however, to be hoped, that the good sense, good taste and delicate feelings of our young and good and gracious Queen, will dismiss this impurity from the Court." Ah, well!

Dr. Erik Routley's "Hymns and Human Life" (John Murray; 16s.) is a model of graceful scholarship. Apart from the historical aspect, and from such hymns and hymn-writers as are really inspired and an everlasting treasure, his subject could so easily command pedantry, ribaldry or mere dullness in the treatment. There is not a page of Dr. Routley's work which is sullied by the faintest shadow of these defects. How gently, with what courtly humour, he treats the more preposterous productions of earnest incapacity! The quality of his enchanting book can best be given by a few quotations from his page-headings: "Watts, the Singer of Wonder"; "Thank You, Mr. Lancaster!"; "The Romantic Bishop"; "Bishops Ancient and Modern"; "Bishops Evangelical and Sardonian"; "Bishops Missionary and Academic"; "Poetic Deans"; "Sampler Work."... It is a long time since I enjoyed anything quite so much.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT there is a tremendous upsurge of chess enthusiasm and skill among our youth to-day nobody could doubt who was at the annual Easter gathering of chess-players this year sponsored by the Birmingham Junior League. The majority of the 220-odd competitors were juniors. Time and time again I was amazed by the insight, determination and grasp of theory revealed by fair-haired, knickerbockered youngsters. Total the aggregate ages of the six players of the games I give, and you would barely tip the hundred; yet the play reveals real brilliance.

Here B. Cafferty, of Blackburn, co-British Boy Champion of 1952, is baffled by a luscious twentieth move which threatens, if 21. KP×P or KtP×P, B-B4; 22. Q moves, B-K5ch and 23... B×R (always assumed White cannot unearth something nastier). The game was played in the British Junior (Under 21) Championship, Howson (Eltham) finishing equal second to D. F. Griffiths of Birmingham.

B. CAFFERTY	J. T. HOWSON	B. CAFFERTY	J. T. HOWSON
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-QB3	14. B×B	B-K3
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q4	15. B×Kt	R×B
3. P-Q4	P-K3	16. B-KB3	Q-Q3
4. P×P	KP×P	17. Kt-K2	Q-K5ch
5. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	18. K-B1	Kt-Q7ch
6. B-K5	B-K2	19. K-K2	Kt×B
7. Q-B2	Castles	20. K×Kt	P-B5!
8. P-K3	Kt-K5	21. Q-K3	P×KtPch
9. B-KB4	P-KB4	22. K×P	R-K3ch
10. P-KR4	Kt-Q2	23. K-R2	R-KB1!
11. P-KK3	QKt-B3	24. KR-KK1	R×BPch
12. Kt-K5	B-Q3	25. K-R1	Q-K2
13. B-K2	B×Kt	White resigns	

Another game from this event:

R. N. SHINN	D. F. GRIFFITHS	R. N. SHINN	D. F. GRIFFITHS
(Worcester)	(Birmingham)	(Worcester)	(Birmingham)
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	14. Kt-K1	P-B5
2. P-QB4	P-KK3	15. Q-B3	B-B4
3. Kt-QB3	B-K12	16. B-Q3	Kt×B
4. P-K4	P-Q3	17. Kt×Kt	Q-K4
5. Kt-B3	Castles	18. QR-K1	B-KK5
6. B-K3	QKt-Q2	19. Q-K4	P-KB6
7. B-Q3	P-K4	20. Q-K3	Q-R4
8. P-Q5	Kt-K5	21. R-QB1	P×KtP
9. Q-Q2	Kt×B	22. KR-K1	R-B6
10. Q×Kt	Kt-QB4	23. Q-K4	R-R6
11. B-K2	P-QR4	24. R-K3	R×RP
12. Castles (K)	P-KB4	25. R-KK3	R-R8ch
13. P×P	P×P	26. K×P	Q-R7 mate

The third game was played in the Midland Junior Championship which Powell won:

W. S. POWELL	B. J. MOORE	W. S. POWELL	B. J. MOORE
(Stoke-on-Trent)	(Birmingham)	(Stoke-on-Trent)	(Birmingham)
White	Black	White	Black
1. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	15. B-K3	B-B4
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	16. Kt-Q8ch	Q×Kt
3. P-QB4	P-B3	17. Q×Bch	K-K1
4. P-K3	P-K3	18. Q-B2	Kt(K4)-K15
5. Kt-B3	P-QR3	19. B-K5	Q-K4
6. Q-B2	QKt-Q2	20. B-R4	Kt-K5!
7. B-Q2	B-Q3	21. B×R	R×B
8. P-K4	P×KP	22. B×Kt	Kt-Kt8ch
9. KKt-K15	P-K4	23. B-K2	Kt×B
10. Kt×Kt	B-B2	24. Kt×Kt	Q×Rch
11. P×P	Kt×P	25. Kt-B1	B-R4ch
12. B-K5	Q-K2	26. K-B1	R-Q7
13. B-K2	B-K3	White resigns	
14. P-QK3	Castles (Q)		



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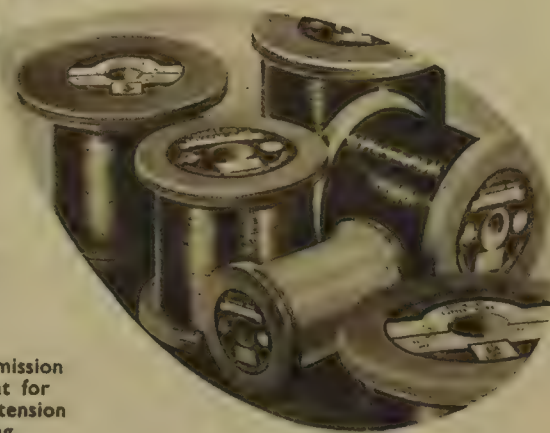
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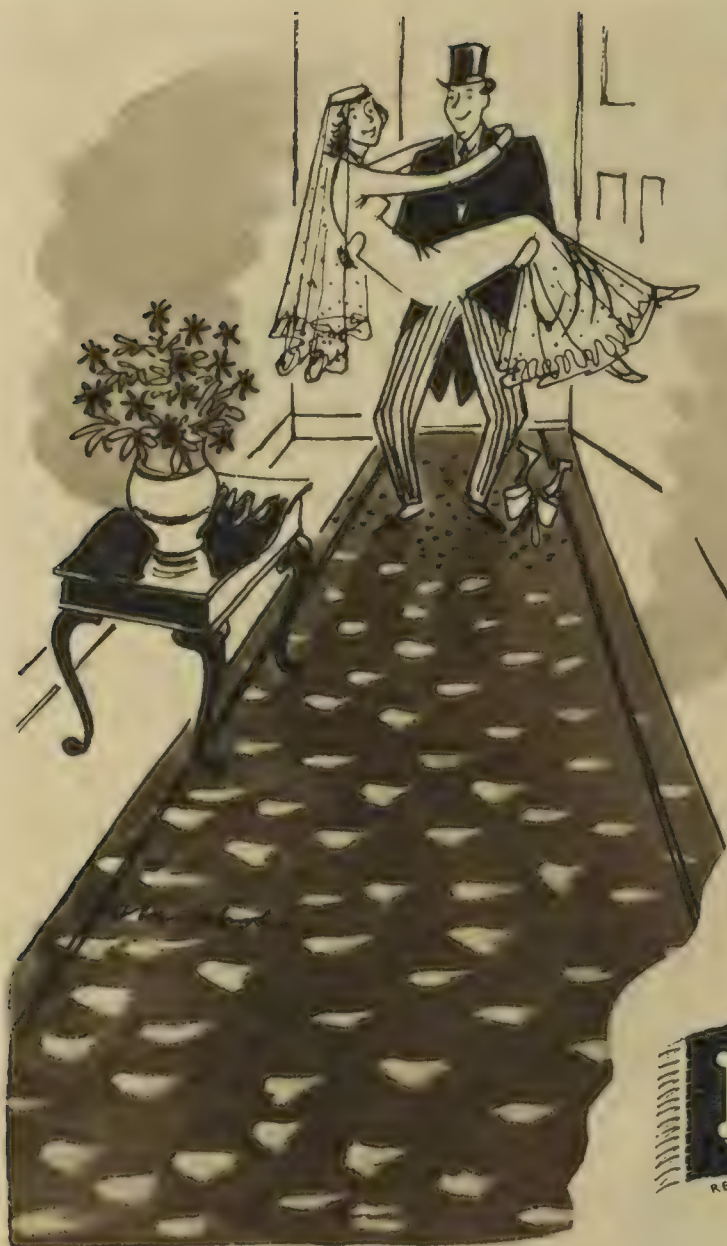
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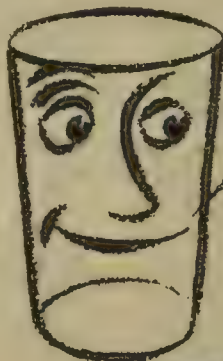
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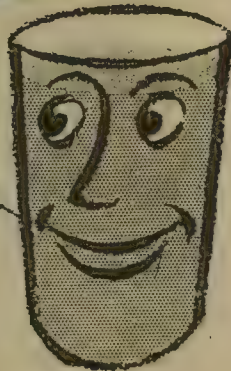
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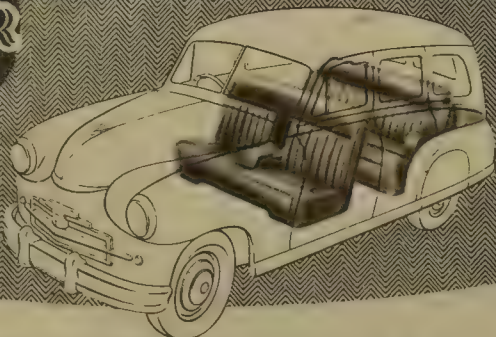
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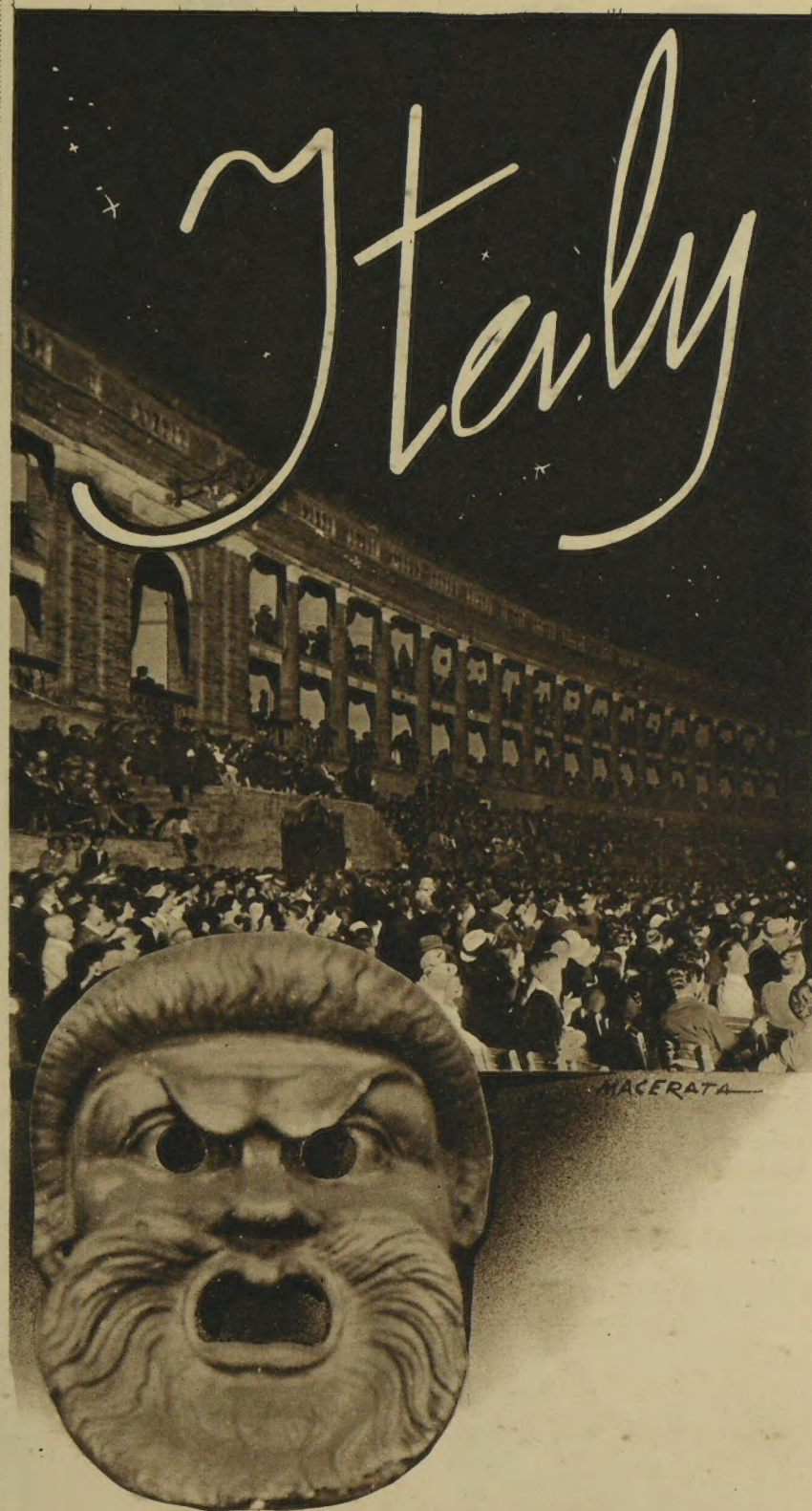


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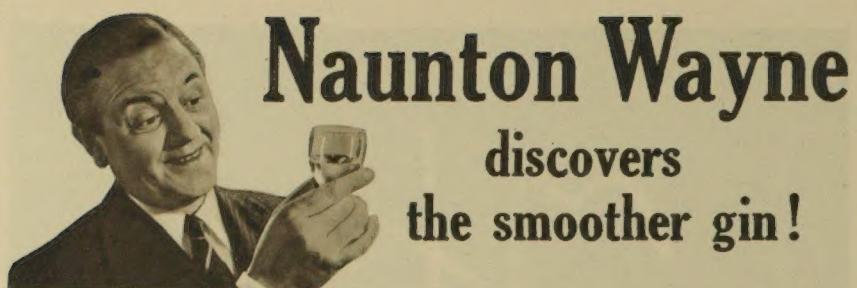
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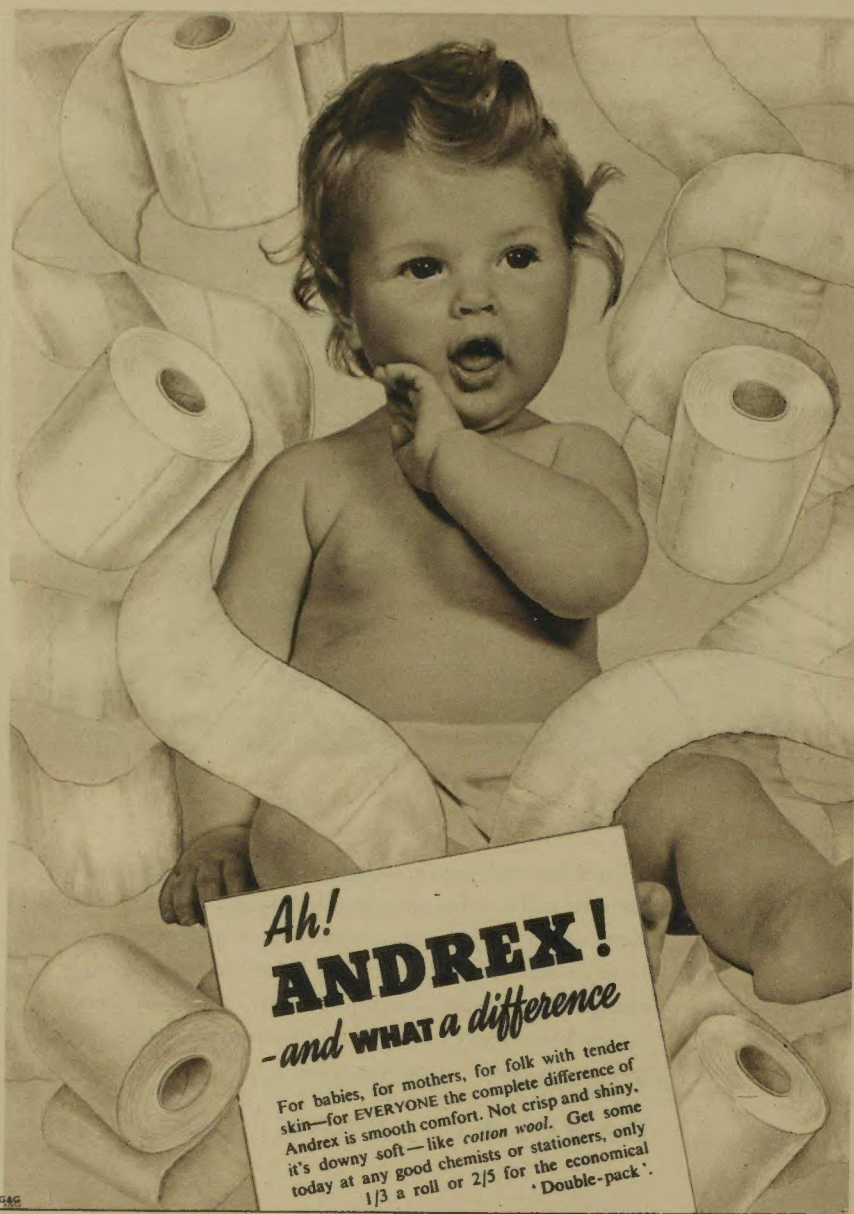
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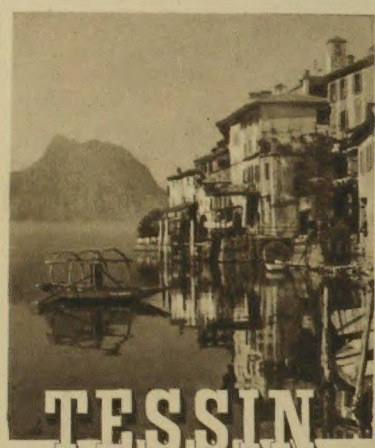
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